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Letters on England: Comprising Descriptive Scenes; with Remarks on the State of Society, Domestic Economy, Habits of the People, and Condition of the Manufacturing Classes generally. Interspersed with Miscellaneous Observations and Reflections.
By Joshua E. White, of Savannah. In two vols. 8vo. pp. 679.
Philadelphia. M. Carey. 1816.

THIS is truly an American book; and, for a great body of readers, is truly a useful book. Mr. White is a well educated, sensible merchant—who started from this country with some prejudices against England, but with no inveterate unwillingness to have them corrected—travels over the island in perfect good humour—and indeed displays throughout his letters that subdued and passive equanimity which is compliant with circumstances, submits without murmur to disappointment, and resolves to take all for the best. But to the majority of those who have an interest in knowing England, Mr. White has recommendations of another sort. He visited almost all the great trading cities on a tour of business; and if any of our countrymen are about to perform a mercantile journey from Liverpool to London, through Manches-

ter, Rochdale, Halifax, Leeds, Litchfield, Birmingham—and back again—they ought by all means to have one volume of these letters in their right pocket and the other in the left. They may be truly called general letters of introduction. All the great trading houses are named; all the modes of mercantile negotiation are specified; and no stranger need get lost in any of the great cities, provided he will follow the directions of Mr. White.

As a book of travels, in the more general sense of the expression, however, we cannot speak so much in praise of the Letters on England. Mr. White was obliged to hurry from town to town; and never tarried in any place, only as long as the transaction of his business required. Trading was that business; and a person so employed can have little time—and if he has always been so employed—can have little taste, for attention to any thing else. Yet where Mr. White has purposely delayed his departure from any place, in order to investigate some of its beauties—in York for example—he displays capacities of observation which lead us to conclude, that, under different auspices, he might become an amusing and instructive traveller.

We must acknowledge, nevertheless, that this opinion is given with some reservations. We do think that it requires an education and a set of habits very different from those of Mr. White to produce a new interesting book of travels upon the old subject of England. In a country which had never been explored his inquisitiveness and good-nature are nearly all the qualifications which would be requisite for an account of its situation, either moral or physical: but in Great Britain, which has been so repeatedly described by other travellers, and about which little new information can be expected, a person must be endowed with a pretty refined sensibility, and be able, withal, to give us an accurate account of his own feelings, and of his own personal adventures—in order to produce an interesting volume of travels. Here is Mr. W.'s great failing. In almost every situation which is calculated to impress him with peculiar sensations, or to engage him in peculiar incidents, he frankly confesses his inability to tell us how *he* feels; and whenever a poet or a preceding traveller has written upon the same subject, he adopts their language without ceremony into his own pages. His chief quotations are taken

from Professor Silliman's Journal—a busy and entertaining little work which has already circulated in our country much beyond the sphere of what, we are afraid, will be the celebrity of Mr. White's letters. The former has decidedly the advantage of the latter in every qualification for an English tourist—in none more, however, than in the faculty of describing the peculiarity of his feelings under the many interesting circumstances which a traveller must necessarily encounter. Mr. White does not appear to be a classical scholar; and his descriptions are almost always given in those vague and general terms which originally stood for very common sensations, and which have been so incessantly used as to stand now for hardly any sensations at all: Mr. Silliman, on the other hand, contrives to keep our attention awake by the employment of those appropriate and graphic words which add to language all its fascination and interest, and which can rarely be acquired but by a pretty long course of severe classical study. While Mr. W. contents himself with telling us, for example, that a landscape is ‘picturesque,’ a Gothic church ‘awful,’ a cathedral ‘grand,’ Mr. S. will describe the particular manner in which they affected himself, and *how* they are picturesque, or awful, or grand.

In consequence of the haste with which Mr. W. performed his tour, and of the many inconveniences attending the plan of writing as one goes along, it would be unfair to judge of his faculties as a traveller from the letters which lie on our table:—but we have discovered many reasonings and remarks, in these volumes, which are not very creditable to the understanding or the knowledge of the author, and which appear to be rather the expression of settled opinions—than a detail of hasty and superficial observations. Thus an intelligent writer could hardly be expected to state, in 1816, that the African trade had merely been ‘*checked*’ by a law of the British parliament (p. 13, vol. i.): nor can we help wondering at the coolness with which Mr. W. observes (p. 270, id. vol.) that ‘the paintings, in St. Paul’s cathedral, have suffered from *time*.’—He is frequently unfortunate in his reasonings; and to give as fair and as brief a specimen as we can of his general powers in this department, we transcribe the whole of note III. vol. i.; where our author first acknowledges the adequacy of a

cause, and then goes on to assure us that it '*should not*' produce its effect.

"I was told, and the veracity of my authoress was placed far above suspicion, that there was not in Manchester an individual divine of the established church, of good moral character. From whence can arise such depravity among those who style themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ? A late writer has very justly observed, "even in a collegiate church, when they are chanting in full choir, the cold, inanimate, and sometimes irreverent manner in which they acquit themselves, shocks the feelings of a stranger." Will not this lack of zeal in the performance of worship, account for the few proselytes they make to the established church? And may not such lukewarmness arise from the principles of toleration? A principle so just, should not produce such an evil. On religious matters men should be left to think and act as they please: they alone are accountable to their God; and their consciences and their reasons should be their guide. On subjects connected *only* with the temporal or eternal welfare of the *individual*, persecution should not be allowed; and we should proudly rejoice that the days of fanaticism and of martyrdom have long since fled with those darkened eras, in which men were as cruel as they were ignorant."

But even our allowances for haste must not be received without some qualifications. In these days of typographical fecundity, perhaps hasty composition ought never to excuse an imperfect work,—except when that work is to subserve some transient and immediate purpose, and cannot, of course, be sufficiently delayed for correction and improvement. Because a person keeps a travelling diary, or carries on a correspondence with his distant acquaintances—it does not follow that the contents of his MSS. must be sent to press in the rude and confounded state of the first draught. In a journal or a series of letters there are many things, which, as they would be little edifying to the public in general, ought not to be printed at all;—while, on the other hand, there must be dispersed through the whole mass of records a variety of remarks upon the same subject, which, if they are worthy of publication, should be picked out and arranged before they are sent into the world. We are aware that nothing like system or classification is expected in a series of letters:—but we question, at the same time, whether the common license in this particular is meant to be extended beyond the introduction of different topics into the

same letter. When a subject is taken up in one letter—dropped after a remark or two—taken up again in a subsequent letter—and dropped again as before—our attention is distracted by the author's references back and forth; nor can we derive the last satisfaction from his reasonings or details, unless we keep the fingers of our hand constantly thrust in various parts of the volume. Thus we are continually told that ‘of this more hereafter’—‘on this subject I shall say more in future’—‘in another place I shall, &c.’—all of which might have been omitted with little labour to the writer, and with a good deal of satisfaction to the reader.

But we do not complain so much of this disorder, as of the bulk to which these letters are swollen by the publication of details which either convey no information whatever, or have been given so often before, as to require no repetition from Mr. White. In the first class we may place almost all of chapter I.* Thus again, on p. 57, vol. I.—among many other examples—it requires a longer time for Mr. W. to go up stairs to bed, than to ride through a ‘highly cultivated country’ of a dozen miles. ‘Having effected my business in this dusky town (says he)—taken a seat in the mail coach—settled my bill—and told the chamber-maid to call me in time—I retired to bed; and next morning had an agreeable ride, through a highly cultivated country, to Rochdale.’ Now to preserve his consistency, Mr. White should have detailed every little circumstance attending his rise in the morning; and then dismissed the half of a forenoon’s travel in one short word or two. ‘Having been called in time by the chamber-maid (he should have continued)—got out of bed—put on my clothes—washed my face and hands—run down stairs, and jumped into the carriage, I bid the coachman to start on; and had a pleasant journey through a beautiful country to ———.’

This inequality of narration is quite too predominant in the Letters on England. When we had read his preface—in which we are told that these travels are mere ‘gleanings,’—and cast our

* It is made up of such details as the following:—“About this time we spoke the ship Sheffield, from Lisbon, and bound to Norfolk; she was in a leaky state. Her boat was sent to our vessel for a supply of provisions, of which captain Stevens furnished as much as he could spare; and from private stores the passengers gave such as they could with convenience. By this vessel I had an opportunity of writing to Savannah.” What new idea, or new sensation, or new any thing, is to be gathered from this?

eyes over the two volumes before us, we were impressed with a prodigious idea of Mr. White's qualifications as a gleaner:—but as soon as we descended to the closer examination of his pages, and observed that, in addition to his gleaning, he had appropriated the harvests of his antecessor, and reapt an entire new field of his own, we confess our notions grew considerably diminutive, and we found it was the easiest thing in the world to compose a book of travels. Had Mr. White omitted all his quotations from the poets, or from preceding tourists—all his narration of those personal adventures which are incident to every man, whether he is in England, or in America, or in any other place—and all the commonplace and (we must call them) tedious dissertations with which both the text and the notes are overflowing—his work would have been reduced to about half its present volume, and we should have had a more coherent and useful, as well as a much cheaper series of Letters on England.

The Asiatic Journal, and Monthly Register for British India and its Dominions, Vol. I. Nos. VI and VII for June and July: containing an Essay by Dr. Horsefield on the Oopas or Poison-tree, extracted from the VIIth vol. of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Java. London, 1816.

THE horrific and fabulous notions commonly entertained respecting this vegetable production are derived originally from an account published in 1783, by one Foersch, a surgeon in the Dutch service during the year 1773. While resident in Java, he collected some exaggerated facts respecting the oopas, and, after his return home, he took advantage of our propensity for good stories by adding some new circumstances of his own, and magnifying still more those which he had already obtained. When the progress of oriental geography had detected the impostor, the dupes of the invention apparently wished to expiate their former credulity, by running into the opposite extreme of disbelief; and for a long time the half at least of the world have thought that no such vegetable exists, and the other half have been very sceptical as to its poisonous qualities. None of these notions are correct; and Dr. Horsefield (employed by the Dutch government

in botanical pursuits) has written quite a prolix essay to prove, that in the eastern extremity of Java there actually does exist a tree, whose sap, when properly prepared and thrown into the circulation, is equal in fatality to the most malignant animal poisons of which we have any knowledge. The natives call it antshar. It belongs to the twenty-first class of Linnæus—the Monoecia.

The male and female flowers are produced in catkins (amenta) on the same branch, at no great distance from each other: the female flowers are in general above the male.—The characters of the genus are:—
MALE. FLOWER—*Calix* consisting of several scales, which are imbricate. *Corol.* None.—*Stamines*. Filaments many, very short, covered by the scales of the receptacle anthers.—The receptacle on which the filaments are placed, has a conical form, abrupt, somewhat rounded above.—
FE-MALE. FLOWER—Catkins ovate. *Calix* consisting of a number of imbricate scales (generally more than in the male) containing one flower.—*Corol.* None.—**Pistil**—Germ single, ovate, erect; *styles* two, long, slender, spreading; *stigmas* simple, acute.—*Seed-vessel*, an oblong drupe, covered with the calix.—*Seed*, an ovate nut, with one cell.

The Antshar is one of the largest trees in the forests of Java. The stem is cylindrical, perpendicular, and rises completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy or eighty feet. Near the surface of the ground it spreads obliquely, dividing into numerous broad appendages or wings, much like the *Canarian commune*, and several others of our large forest trees. It is covered with a whitish bark, slightly bursting in longitudinal furrows: near the ground this bark is, in old trees, more than half an inch thick, and, upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. A puncture or incision being made in the tree, the juice or sap appears oozing out, of a yellowish colour (somewhat frothy;) from old trees, paler; and nearly white from young ones: when exposed to the air, its surface becomes brown. The consistence very much resembles milk, only it is thicker and viscid. This sap is contained in the true bark (or cortex,) which, when punctured, yields a considerable quantity, so that in a short time a cup full may be collected from a large tree. The inner bark (or liber) is of a close fibrous texture, like that of the *morus papyrifera*, and when separated from the other bark, and cleansed from the adhering particles, resembles a coarse piece of linen. It has been worked into ropes which are very strong, and the poorer class of people employ the inner bark of younger trees, which is more easily prepared, for the purpose of making a coarse stuff which they wear when working in the fields. But it requires much bruising, washing, and a long immersion in water before it can be used.

and even when it appears completely purified, persons wearing this dress, on being exposed to the rain, are affected with an intolerable itching, which renders their flimsy covering almost insupportable.

After arriving to the abovementioned height, the antshar shoots out horizontally a few stout branches, each of which makes several imperfect curves, and the whole forms an irregular hemispherical crown. The leaves are alternate, oblong, heart-shaped, divided obliquely by the longitudinal nerve,—shining and smooth on the upper, and rough and web-formed on the under surface. The flowers are few; and are produced towards the extremity of the outer branches. The trunk not unfrequently grows to the diameter of three feet; and the wood white, imponderous, and apparently spongy. The simple juice is not poisonous; and indeed its only external effect is to cause an unpleasant itching. The tree itself while entire, may be approached and ascended with perfect impunity; and it must be largely wounded, in some way or other, to affect the surrounding atmosphere enough for the production even of the abovementioned cuticular sensation. It is somewhat curious that, although all the Javanese are acquainted with the noxious uses of the oopas gum, none but those who inhabit the eastern extremity of the island possess the knowledge of the poisonous preparation. The process is as follows:

"About eight ounces of the juice of the Antshar, which has been collected the preceding evening in the usual manner, and preserved in the joint of a bamboo, was carefully strained into a bowl. The sap of the following substances, which had been finely grated and bruised, was carefully expressed and poured into it, viz. Arum, *Nampoo* (Javanese) *Kaempferia Galanga*, *Kontshur*, *Amomum*, *Bengley*, (a variety of *Zerambbed*) common *onion* and *garlic*, of each about half a dram; the same quantity of finely powdered black pepper was then added, and the mixture stirred. The preparer* now took an entire fruit of the *Capsicum fruticosum* or Guinea pepper, and having opened it, he carefully separated a single seed, and placed it on the fluid in the middle of the bowl. The seed immediately began to reel round rapidly, now forming a regular circle, then darting towards the margin of the cup, with a perceptible commotion on the surface of the liquor, which continued about one minute. Being completely at rest, the same quantity of pepper was again added, and another seed of the capsicum laid on as before: a similar commotion took place in the fluid, but in a less degree, and the seed was carried round with diminished rapidity. The addition of the same quantity

* An old Javanese who was celebrated for his skill in the preparation.

of pepper was repeated a third time, when a seed of the capsicum being carefully placed in the centre of the fluid, remained quiet, forming a regular circle about itself, in the fluid, resembling the halo of the moon. This is considered as a sign that the preparation of the poison is complete.

The dried milk of the antshar having been preserved close a considerable time, can still be prepared and rendered active. A quantity which I had collected about two months before, was treated in the following manner, by the same person who prepared the fresh juice. Being infused in as much hot water as was barely sufficient well to dissolve it, it was carefully stirred till all the particles soluble in water were taken up; a coagulum of resin remained undissolved; this was taken out and thrown away. The liquor was now treated with the spices abovementioned, the pepper and the seed of the capsicum, in the same manner as the fresh juice. The same whirling motion occurred as above described, on the seed being placed in the centre.

But besides the antshar there is another species of the oopas-tree,—called by the natives *tshettik*, which, though much less than the former in point of size, is a great deal more virulent in its poisonous effects. It is rather a vine than a tree; inasmuch as the diameter of the largest individuals, is not more than three or four inches, and the growth and distribution of the stem and branches somewhat resembles those of the common grape, consisting of several large bends near the surface of the earth, and occasional shoots from the main trunk, which attach themselves to the first object they can get hold of. The stem has a spotted grey bark; but the branches, which arise in opposite pairs, are covered with a smooth shining grey bark. The leaves consist in single opposite pairs, are edged, spear-shaped, and entire, with a smooth upper surface, and a few parallel veins beneath. Little *radices* creep off at a considerable distance from the *stalk*; but the main root strikes perpendicularly into the ground, is between two and three inches in diameter, and is covered with a reddish brown bark, from which, by the same process as was observed in the case of the antshar, the poisonous liquor is prepared.

Dr. Horsefield made twenty-six cruel experiments upon different kinds of animals, with the poison, as prepared from both these trees; and though the result in each case was various in its circumstances, according to the size of the creature or the virulence of the drug, the general symptoms of its effects were near-

in some places a conical hillock around the orifice of eruption, frequently mounting to the height of fifteen feet, and forming no contemptible fac-simile of a volcano. The borders of these plains are studded with the huts of the Javanese, who manufacture salt, by suffering the water which they take from the marsh, to dry in little bamboo troughs, the common evaporating vessels of the oriental nations. This article is condensed from a long account of the same phenomena in the second number of the Journal of Science and the Arts; the editor of which, is of opinion, that as the whole region of Java is volcanic, the phenomenon of the mud plains may be attributed to the effervescence that always attends volcanic deposits in their transition from the alluvial to the consolidated state.

The Author Turned Critic; or the Reviewer Reviewed; being a Reply to a Feeble and Unfounded Attack on Delaplaine's Repository, in the Analectic Magazine and Naval Chronicle, for the Month of September, 1816. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 34.

THERE are but two reasons which could possibly induce us to take any notice of this pamphlet: in the first place we always feel inclined to hear, even in behalf of a condemned offender, all the new evidence which he actually has, or which he pretends to have discovered; and in the second place, we are willing to make one more effort towards reclaiming an offender, who is yet suffered to go abroad, and who, from the spirit which he manifests in his pamphlet, seems determined to prove the inefficacy of our chastisement, by persisting in his career of mistake. The former reason would be cogent, even were the Repository already completed; but the latter derives all its force from the fact that the greater part of the numbers are yet to be composed. No personal considerations could influence us to occupy the pages of a journal which, we have devoted exclusively to the gratification of its readers; and were not the American public, but more especially the patrons of the Repository, somewhat interested in the subject of the pamphlet before us, we would not consume a moment of their time in an examination of its contents.

Indeed we are even now about half induced to desist; for we know we are entering upon an ungrateful and unpromising task. Had we to deal with some adolescent author, we might hope, that his imperfections were yet sufficiently in the gristle to receive a beneficial impression; but when the subject of correction is pretty far advanced in years, it is to be feared that his deformities have become too much ossified, to admit any impression at all. We are afraid ‘the author turned critic’ is among that unfortunate number of delinquents, whose increase of days has only added the privilege of experience to the arrogance of pretension, the incorrigibleness of habit to the perversity of nature, and the blindness of age to the indiscretion of youth. Perhaps nothing short of a miracle can work a change upon the stuff that such are made of.

There always have existed a few froward individuals who only grow worse by correction: this is a quality, however, which can never be discovered but by actual experiment; and we frankly acknowledge that, before the publication of our author’s ‘Reply,’ we had not a suspicion of his being one of that number. We expected, it is true, that by inflicting a slight puncture upon his inflated Repository we should let out a little of the wind; but we had no anticipation of the violent and pittiless storm which we have induced upon our devoted heads. Neptune himself, however, is now and then liable to be taken by surprise in very much the same manner; and in some of our classical studies we recollect a scrap of Latin, which, by reading C. for Æolus, and D. for Juno, would be very applicable to the present occasion. C. is “prevailed upon to appear in behalf of” D. (p. 33.) just as Æolus was persuaded to appear in behalf of Juno: the story is a long one; but the result was in both cases the same:

VENTI—

Qua data porta, ruunt, &c.

We consider the publication before us as the best thing the author can produce. He seems for once to let nature take somewhat her own way; and we are almost inclined to believe that, old and inveterate as he is, something of a writer might yet be made of him, if he could only be persuaded to throw away his stilts and

abandon his ‘wires.’ We know he is too much accustomed to think that composition is a mere artificial arrangement or stringing together of words; but where there is a scarcity of writers, even an author capable of doing this *well*, is by no means to be rejected as absolutely unuseful. It is for this reason that, in the close of our article upon the Repository, we ventured to anticipate the time when we could say something more in praise of the work; for, as the biographer has only to cast into proper forms of speech the materials which are already furnished to his hands, we knew there was no chance of his spoiling the production by being obliged to compose any thing from the resources of his own thought. Our opinion, however, was properly fortified with conditions; and unless we find in the next number of the Repository that his practice is contradictory of his professions in the pages of the Reply, even the ‘faint glimmering of our doubtful hope’ will be utterly extinguished.

In the latter production he has, in the first place, been excessively imprudent from the title to the subscription. He begins and ends by asserting the weakness and imbecillity of his reviewer, and yet publishes a pamphlet of thirty-four pages in direct practical disproof of the whole assertion. He certainly should know that there is no glory in warring either with the dead or with the “feeble;” and the next time he fancies himself to be flourishing his victorious pen over the prostrate victim of its nib, we caution him against impairing the splendour of his triumph by proclaiming the impotence of his antagonist.

But the greatest imprudence of our author is his having written the pamphlet at all. ‘If a work be really good (says M. Chateaubriand, and any man of sense might have said the same thing) it cannot be affected by censure; if it be bad, it cannot be justified by apologies.’ There is always something suspicious in the very circumstance that an author is obliged to turn the critic of his own productions. It compels us to think of the architect who must be thrusting props under an edifice which should find support in its own foundations; or, to use a figure which will be better understood, it forces us to see the same doctor first administering the poison and then prescribing the antidote.

If there is imprudence, however, in the publication of *any* Reply, there is still greater imprudence in publishing such an one as is contained in the pamphlet before us. When despair becomes so frantic as to tear itself to pieces with its own hands, and anger has grown so intense as to choke the possibility of its utterance, it behoves the friends of the patient to restrain him from going abroad; and if the author *has* any friends, we wonder they did not exercise their privileges in the case of the publication on our table. It exhibits such a blindness, however, both mental and ocular, is so inconsistent in some parts, so undiscerning in others, and so infirm and extravagant in all, that we are sure of its being the legitimate offspring of the author's own unadvised and unassisted brain. Of all these assertions, so far at least as it can be done in a very short article, we will now proceed to exhibit our proofs.

Thus to begin with the typography, the author tells us that our review of his book 'covers no less than sixteen pages octavo, in a *small letter, closely printed!*' Blindness is always an accompaniment of rage; and when our author was all in ebullition under the focus of criticism, it is no wonder he should suppose that the rays were pretty close together. In several places, again, he goes on to make some remarks, as if they were his own, when, if he had not been innocently or wilfully blind, he must have seen that they were a mere repetition of what we had said before him. Thus when he 'maintains, that antithesis is, in itself, not only a correct, but an exceedingly beautiful mode of expression,' (p. 24.) and proceeds to contend that 'it is with the abuse of it only that fault could be found,' could any thing but absolute blindness have prevented him from perceiving the same thing in the sentence where we caution our readers against supposing that 'we object to antithesis itself, *which is frequently a happy mode of expression*, but to the too great frequency of its employment, &c.? These two passages must serve as specimens of his general incapacity of seeing; for we find that a specification of all the instances we had noted would take up more room than we can possibly spare.

We must be equally brief with the inconsistencies of our author. On p. 6, our 'disquisition' is characterized as '*polished*,' on p. 28 it is called '*ragged*:' on p. 30 he says our 'ridiculous attempt to illustrate character by our "pyramid" and our "circle,"'

shows too plainly that we have not yet learnt to discriminate between the laws of dead and living matter;*' and then ‘intreats us to beware of this deep and extensive source of error.’ Our readers will be able to see how well he can regard his own caution, when they find him but three pages farther on forgetting all laws, and telling us that ‘in a collision of *intellect*, as in that of *matter*, action and reaction are necessarily equal.’ Sometimes he commits himself in this way, when we believe he not only forgets what he had formerly said, but hardly knows what he is saying at the time. Thus, though in the Repository, Washington is said to be so superhuman that his portrait could never be taken, in the Reply we are informed, that, were his ‘character to be constructed from his conversation, his witticisms, or his *familiar letters*, (we know not why those two words should be italicized) it would appear inferior to that of many a wordy dabbler in literature; or of a flippant demagogue, or a beer-house politician.’ Now we are almost sure the author did not half comprehend the meaning of what he said: but he found it expedient to decry the biographical narration of anecdotes; and was therefore obliged to say almost any thing in order to obtain his point. Indeed, we can scarcely wonder at seeing him trample his idol under foot. Such has been the fate of all idolatry. When man has fallen down before stocks, or stones, or graven images, they have always been alternately his gods and his footstools, or if living creatures have been the subject of his superstitious reverence, religion has influenced him to worship one day what hunger compelled him to devour the next; and thus in one way or another the idolatrous have, at all times, abused their gods as much as they have degraded themselves.

But of all the worshippers of idols, those who deify themselves are the most to be pitied. Caligula, who joined in the genuflexions of his subjects before his own image, has always been considered as an enigmatical medium between the fool and the madman; yet in reading The Author turned Critic, we have often been reminded of the Roman emperor; and when the

* To call *mind*, a *character*, by the name of *matter*, shows how far our author has advanced in the business of discrimination.

same writer thinks of publishing another such a pamphlet, we advise him to entitle it, ‘The God turned Worshipper, or The Idolater Idolized.’ “Il est sa divinité—il est soi-même son idole,” —he is his own divinity, he is himself his idol. At this distance of time we can excuse Horace for asserting that he had erected for himself a monument more enduring than brass; for, besides the general sanction which antiquity imposes on every thing, we see that ages have confirmed and verified the poet’s assertion,—but when a modern author makes himself the subject of extravagant self-applause through the whole of his production, and yet, lest we should forget it, takes the pains to reiterate his praises, in the double emphasis of capital letters, just before we are going to part; when, in plainer language, he tells us, that his book will be a ‘NATIONAL MONUMENT’ and a ‘CHOICE RELIC,’ we think he has little claim to the indulgence either of critics or of any body else. Never did “vanity in years” more justly merit Dryden’s paraphrase of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*,

‘Erect thyself, thou monumental brass!’

On the subject connected with these remarks, we must beg leave to dwell a little longer. We hardly know whether to rank our author among the few fanatics who acknowledge no medium between unqualified adoration, and downright apostasy; or among the still greater number of those who would foist themselves into popularity, by feeding the honest and generous prejudices of their countrymen in favour of those, who have done them eminent services, and by persuading them that any attempt to reduce their overweening and indiscriminate veneration into a temperate and rational gratitude, is unworthy of any names but those of ‘calumny,’ ‘detraction,’ ‘malevolence,’ and ‘defamation.’ From the general manner of our biographer, we are inclined to place him in the number of the latter; for this species of quacks and sycophants have always a plausibility and *slang* about them, which is calculated to find listeners; just as empirics of another sort have a knack and hability of writing puffs and making speeches, which are suited to the procurement of purchasers for their idle nostrums. But wherever the author may take his rank—we must assure him that, among those who have given our review a perusal, we are

not afraid of his making himself pass for a patriot, by a mean and viperous attempt to fix his fangs upon the good name of those, who would render eulogium valuable, by making it consistent, and "praise more solid," by showing it "more credible." The device of modifying another's language, by one little shade of difference after another, till it comes to express a meaning almost directly at variance with that which was intended, and then taking occasion to exclaim against the black and offensive hues of the representation, is well calculated, we know, to procure favour for the person who adopts it, by making him seem the champion of traduced and departed merit:—but it is a stale device; and if our author has not already advanced so far in this common place sycophancy as to be absolutely irreclaimable, we advise to retract his steps at once, and to take some more honest and less hacknied course of rendering himself popular.

But he must render himself something else first: he must render himself capable of discrimination before he can think of snuffing the incense of popularity. Of his deficiency in this particular we had occasion to complain in our review of the Repository; and the same thing is the subject of complaint in almost every paragraph of the Reply. The great, and the only, instance which we think we can find space to remark, is, his incapability of seeing the true boundary between history and biography. Notwithstanding all the pains which we took (entirely on his account,) to make the distinction broad and palpable, and notwithstanding his affectation of surprise that we should occupy two or three pages with a subject, which the dictionary treats in almost as few words; he is yet to learn what is the true and legitimate end of biographical literature; he is yet to learn, in other words, what is the true and legitimate end of the business which he has undertaken to transact. In our review of the Repository, we had occasion to observe, that the acts of a public or professional life are no parts of real character; inasmuch as in neither of these situations is there any opportunity of exhibiting those little individualities which compose the man, as contra-distinguished from all his fellow-men. This idea we amplified and illustrated as well as we could; and to save all repetition we must refer our readers to what we there said on the subject. In the replication

before us, the author has undertaken to refute our reasoning point by point; and lest we should incur a second charge of misquotation and misrepresentation, we will let him dogmatise this time in his own diffuse and copious way.

"In the solution of this question there can be no difficulty. To hold up to view the minor transactions of a public or professional man, to the entire exclusion of his more important achievements, would be eminently unjust. It would be little short of unqualified slander. A narrative of the life of George Washington, the farmer of Mount Vernon, would exhibit an exceedingly defective picture, or rather no picture at all, of the life of the same individual, as commander in chief of the armies of America, or in his capacity as president of the United States. Nor would a view of general Hamilton conversing with his friends or playing with his children, do justice to the same individual when thundering in the forum, directing the cabinet, or astonishing and swaying the senate by his eloquence.

"An opinion appears very generally to prevail, and even you yourself, I believe, have adopted it, that a man of distinction may be best known, by being followed and observed in the retirement of his dwelling, where he is no longer under the influence of public excitement.

"This, sir, I feel persuaded, is a vulgar error. The real man is principally composed of his moral powers and intellectual faculties; and he is most truly seen, if not seen *only*, when these powers and faculties are most actively engaged. The mere figure of flesh, resigned to its physical imbecilities and waywardness, with all its higher qualities relaxed, *is not the man*. Almost as well might you say that the real man is faithfully represented by the body when asleep, or even by the corpse after the life has forsaken it. In what respect does man rise most conspicuously and essentially over the inferior animals? Not in the superiority of his corporeal structure; but in that of his moral and intellectual faculties. Hence, when these are most obscured, he most resembles the animals beneath him; and is, consequently, most himself, when they shine forth in their brightest lustre. It is when his powers and attention are slumbering, that he exhibits the character common to the human race: his individuality arises from their concurrent action.

"Let us hear no more, then, of your fire-side researches, and of studying most successfully the character of an individual, when, from the torpor of his powers, he has himself almost forgotten that he possesses a character; at least when his character is absolutely dormant. As well may you go to the church-yard or the charnal house, to study the laws and attributes of life. Give me the character of man, when his soul is

awake, and his faculties in action; and take to yourself his *want of character*, when these have sunk into a state of repose." pp. 11, 12.

In a few words, it is in vain to look for the character of an individual in his private walks, because that 'character is there absolutely dormant,' '*it is not the man;*' and because as the 'real man is composed of intellectual faculties and moral powers' it is necessary to ascertain his true character by watching his public life, where these powers and faculties are likely to be called into the most vigorous exertion. Now, the slightest expense of thought—if directed in the right way, might have convinced our critic, that, in public and professional life, in the cabinet, in the field, in the hospital, in the court, we can only see the politician, the warrior, the physician, the lawyer; but that the *man* is to be found, where we before said he must be looked for, 'among his friends in the private circle, and with his family by the fire-side.' The supposition that the powers of a vigorous mind can ever be 'absolutely dormant,' is perhaps the strangest part of what the author, no doubt, imagined was his reasoning on this subject. It is true, that the faculty of arguing a point or of amputating a leg must be 'absolutely dormant' in the act of picking up a pebble or of stabbing a fly; yet in both instances the same mind may be engaged: the only difference is in the nature of the employment; and one great source of the pleasure we derive from the perusal of biography is, that, if faithfully executed, it shows us, in domestic and little things, what are the workings and conduct of a mind which has always been conversant with great and public transactions.

On the practical utility of biographical composition, the author has an argument which is still more curious than any thing we have yet had occasion to notice. He says, 'you cannot imitate private peculiarities, simply because they are *private* and *peculiar*. As well might you think of imitating by your own, the peculiar form of an individual's nose, &c. They are the endowments of nature, not the attainments of art. They do not place before you, therefore, any practicable example.' It is for this reason, accordingly, that our biographer thinks he has acted judiciously in neglecting 'the farmer of Mount Vernon,' to depict 'the president of the United States.' Now could it have escaped the

most superficial penetration, that perhaps one million of people are called upon to act as ‘farmers,’ where one individual has an opportunity of becoming a ‘president?’ and that, of course, the practical benefit of knowing the former must be just one million times as great as that of being made acquainted with the latter? To generalize the question still farther—how many men must every moment be necessitated to discharge the duties of a private citizen, who never dream of performing, once in their lives, the functions of a public officer! And how much more important is it, therefore, to teach our readers to act the part of good domestic men, than to play that of public official characters! The forms of public office are all so fixed and artificial, that very frequently the greatest dunce makes the best officer; but the actions of private life are conformable to no steady and inflexible rules; they must be as variable as the individuals who perform them: and to constitute an excellent private man, it requires a considerable share of native good sense, together with a pretty long apprenticeship to worthy example. A great many public employments, in which success was formerly the effect of sagacity, are, by the invention and discovery of modern times, reduced to a mere routine of mathematical calculation; and to become a skilful general, or a skilful navigator, for example, it requires a great deal more of study, than of genius. No such precision can ever be introduced into the art of living: here every man must make his own rules and follow his own examples; nor can he ever derive the least advantage from his knowledge of mathematical science. The man must be taught to live by good examples of private life; the public character must learn to act by patient study of official rules.

We are sorry to be so prolix on this subject; but as we see our biographer is determined to spoil the Repository, we hold ourselves bound to make a pretty thorough attempt to divorce him from his errors. Thus, with the triumph of interrogatory assertion, he proceeds to give his opinion of what ought to compose the biography in the Repository: ‘ought they to be composed of familiar accounts of private incidents? or more elevated narratives of public and professional acts? Whether should they consist of the public or private biographies of the individuals to

whom they relate?' If the author intends to make his work worth purchasing or worth reading, he must revert to the good old way of thinking, that, as every man without exception has a private, and but very few comparatively have a public, life, it is the peculiar province of biography, as contra-distinguished from history, to give us a faithful and accurate account of the former.

The very illustration which he adduces in proof of what he considers the practical inutility of anecdote, only adds another fold to the involution of absurdities in which he has wrapped himself. Could it have escaped even *him*, that, while he was decrying the introduction of private character, because, like 'noses' and 'foreheads' and 'eyes,' it is incapable of imitation, and therefore of no practical use, he must support his self-consistency by employing the same sort of ratiocination against the accompaniment of portraits? And yet these are so much the subjects of his extravagant approbation, that he is unwilling to allow the biographies even a secondary importance. p. 11. This is only another instance of his incapability to keep his own hands off himself for hardly two sentences together!

But we are not yet able to quit the subject of his blindness and indiscrimination. We use these two innocent terms, because we cannot attribute to intentional malice what we know must be the result of natural imperfection; and yet, when the author commits so great a blunder in the statement of a fundamental proposition, as we find in the following quotation, we confess we grow a little sceptical of our accuracy, and can hardly decide whether to think him erring through design or through ignorance. Our 'first and heaviest charge against the Repository (says he, p. 8,) is, that it does not give *complete biographical memoirs* of the several personages of whom it treats.' Now, the word *memoir* does not even once occur in the whole of our article; and the critic must either have been too blind to perceive the fact, or too incapable of discrimination to see the difference between a biography and a memoir.

A writer of memoirs must follow his 'Magnus Apollo' from the cradle to the coffin; remark every turn and transaction of his life, the most minute and common place as well as the more rare and important; 'set down in a note-book' every word that drops

from his mouth, whether wise, or witty, or neither; every letter, every note, every scrap, in short, which he may have written;* nor must he forget all the little peculiarities of person, dress, and gait. The biographer, however, is not obliged to humble himself to such servile and incessant persecution: he is bound to a faithful observation of life and conversation; but when he comes to represent the subject of his remark, he must select those parts of his materials which are best calculated to give us the real character of the man, and not overwhelm us with volumes of garulous anecdote that are of no importance but in swelling the size of the book. Such a profusion of narrative is by no means necessary to the representation of the personage to whom they relate: indeed we are so confounded by their very multitude, that, after we have finished the book, we must ourselves collect and arrange our ideas in order to have a distinct and consistent image before the eye of the mind; whereas, had we in the first place, been presented with a few anecdotes judiciously chosen from the whole collection, we could have perceived the lines of character without any other mental expense than a due share of attention in the perusal. And here lies the distinction between a biography and a memoir. In the latter we are obliged to read perhaps a hundred anecdotes or familiar letters which are all more or less illustrative of the same characteristic: in the former we have that characteristic displayed with much more distinctness and precision by means of only one or two. We had almost said that Holcroft's single anecdote is much better calculated to give us the character of Boswell, than Boswell's two volumes to illustrate the character of Johnson.

* Since our author could not let the old example of Boswell alone, we will illustrate our ideas by the following conduct of his as detailed in Holcroft's Memoirs:

"Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in, while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed, Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. 'Nothing,' said Lowe, 'could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence: and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible.' 'How do you

Our author cannot cover the sin of omitting anecdotes, therefore, under the pretext that they would swell up the Repository to an unconscionable bulk. All his great biographical predecessors have contrived to write lives of less than twenty quarto pages without excluding any characteristical incidents which were necessary to the illustration of their subject; and he must himself do the same thing, if he ever expects to make the Repository preserved as a "RELIC," or perused as a "MONUMENT." The examples, or rather example, which he adduces in justification of his conduct, can only serve to confirm our own assertions, and to add one more proof to those we have already exhibited, that the writer is not yet capable of discriminating between the historian and the biographer. In the departments of both style and matter, he professes to have no prototype, except in the example of *Tacitus*. But is it possible he should be ignorant that Tacitus has never been celebrated as a biographer; and that he could not have selected an instance which so completely establishes the justice of our remark on a former occasion—that he himself "is too much

do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend Dr. Johnson writing a letter for you"—"Yes, sir"—"I hope you will not think me rude, but if it will not be too great a favour, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable."—"Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but,"—"I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing, only if it were no particular secret"—"Sir, you are welcome to read the letter."—"I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind." (Having read) "It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of"—"Certainly not" "Why then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favour, you make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you."—"I was overcome,' said Lowe, 'by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterward was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain,' added he, sarcastically, 'whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee.' ”

of a *historian* for a *biographer?*" When he approaches the real authors, who have taught what we should look for in biography, he falters—claudicates—and finally turns his heel upon *them*, to open his 'tri-lingual mouth' upon *us*.

"I might further refer you (says he) to *several* of the biographical memoirs of Plutarch and Nepos; but the measure would be superfluous. One proof from high authority is amply sufficient. Had you looked into the subject as you ought to have done, before attempting a review which required in you an extensive knowledge of biography, I need not have incurred the trouble of a single reference." p. 15.

When a person is thus compelled to take shelter under an exception, to avoid the annoyance of a general rule,—when he can only excuse the imperfection of his own articles, upon the plea of their being among those of his predecessors '*several*,' which are equally imperfect,—it is in vain to think of escaping just censure himself, by raising a declamatory cry of censure against others.

But it is time to pay some attention to the new evidence which the author has adduced in exoneration of himself, for having neglected to delineate his characters by means of illustrative anecdotes. We are told it can be proved by documentary reference, that the Repository was never meant to contain any thing but Biographical Sketches of the lives of those persons to whom they relate; and that we have done the author 'wrong—flagrant wrong,' because we were ignorant of a private bargain subsisting between himself and his publisher, relative to the kind and quantity of matter which he had entered into obligations to produce. That the words *biographical sketch* occur in the original Prospectus of the Repository, we have no hesitation in admitting; but that they were meant to be considered as particularly emphatical, or that they were even used to designate the sort of articles which the work at present contains,—we have as little hesitation in denying. Nothing is said of any such intention in the preface; and the title page tells us, in capitals much greater than those in the original prospectus—if, as our author seems to think, (p. 8.) the strength of the evidence must be inferred from the size of the type,—that the Repository contains the LIVES and Portraits of Distinguished Americans. How then is the biographer to excuse himself to his readers for giving them only the *sketches* of those *Lives*?

And what must become of that vulgar and indecent passage, where he tells us, that, ‘when he has only the space and the materials for the construction of a cottage; and pronounces his building *to be* a cottage; *it is no business of ours*—at least so far as he is concerned—that he has not erected a castle or a palace?’ We suspect he will yet learn, in a practical way, that, when the patrons of the Repository have been promised a palace in the title page, it is some *business of theirs* that they have only a cottage in the contents.

But we have still further evidence that the author never considered his articles as mere *sketches*;—and, for his own satisfaction, we are willing to understand that term according to the definition which he himself has given. He compares the Repository to some British biographical works which are now in the course of publication, and which ‘consist (as he rightly observes) of a few pages of facts and dates, loosely thrown together, somewhat in the form of a parish or family record, and nothing else.’ Surely, to a person who has seen all these works, no comparison could appear more inept and unfortunate than this. No productions can be in stronger contrast to each other; and that our author could imagine his twenty pages of bombast and antithesis to bear the slightest resemblance to the ‘few pages of facts and dates’ in the British biographies, is more than our knowledge of his incapacity to discriminate can any way account for. Indeed there is *no way* to account for it, but upon the supposition that he really intended his articles for complete biographies; and that, when he found they were deficient in the essential quality which could render them such, he was willing to call them sketches,—parish records,—family registers,—anything, in short, which could afford him a loop-hole of escape. But the artifice will hardly succeed. So far from considering his articles as mere *sketches*, we find him in his preface challenging a superiority over Plutarch and all the other ancient biographers, because they were incapable of ‘subjoining a portraiture of the body to a delineation of the mind.’

Some new evidence is also adduced relative to the arrangement of his sketches;—and as his remarks on this subject present us with the united excellencies of pun, paradox, and sophistry—three spe-

cies of eloquence by which weak minds always deceive themselves, and endeavour to deceive others,—we will not run the risk of impairing its face by reducing its bulk:—

“ It was deemed expedient that the portraits of Columbus and Vesputius should be introduced into the present volume. The placing of that of Washington before these, could not have been justified. To commence the volume with it, therefore, was deemed inadmissible. What, then, was to be done? The following simple view of things settled this question; whether correctly or not, the public will judge.

“ To be placed in the midst of a crowd, is no mark of distinction. In many, very many kinds of arrangement, the two places highest in honour are the first and the last. This principle was adopted as the rule of arrangement in the present instance. As the portrait of Washington, therefore, could not appear in the first, it was determined that it should occupy the second place of honour—the end of the volume.

“ But Washington, during his lifetime, never entered himself into a frivolous contention about rank and station. He was above it; and left such ‘little things’ to ‘little men.’ Place him where you might, he was always *first*. He honoured every situation. No situation could either honour or dishonour him. On a throne or in a dungeon; in a palace or a cottage, he would have been still himself—the most distinguished of the human race. Call this hyperbolical, or even ‘idolatrous’ if you please: I pronounce it true.”—pp. 16, 17.

Now if, during his life, Washington had chanced to take dinner with our author, we suppose he would have found ample excuse for thrusting him under the table, upon the principle that he ‘never entered himself into a frivolous contention about rank and station.’ ‘Place him where you might, he would be always *first*.’ ‘On a throne or in a dungeon; in a palace or a cottage (on a chair or under the table) he would have been still himself—the most distinguished of the human race.’—But we have a serious answer to all this rhodomontade. How could it escape a thinking intellect, that, after ‘introducing the portraits of Columbus and Vesputius,’ there was still a *first* place for the portraits of ‘distinguished *Americans*?’ We cannot believe that he had forgotten the nativity of the two former; and none but a physician, we think, could have ‘deemed it expedient’ to place the life of Dr. Rush directly subsequent to that of Americus.

We can make but one more general remark upon the pamphlet before us. The style is, we think, much better than that of the Re-

pository—though, at the same time, there is an affectation and stiffness and formality about it, which sufficiently indicate the place of its origin. When a writer is determined to be always balancing clauses of sentences, he generally produces ten tautologies for one antithesis. The author before us not only commits this offence throughout the whole of his Reply, but is now and then guilty of another still more inexcusable—that of writing two sentences in direct sequence, which are merely the echoes of one another. Thus, to go no farther than the initial paragraph, the first sentence is, ‘conscious, as you are, that I have received from *you*, nothing but the extreme of the bluntness of modern manners, you can scarcely, I think, *expect* from *me*, the courtly forms of ancient chivalry, in reciprocating your salutation. Nor (as if he had something new to say)—Nor will you be surprised (no, for he had just told us we could not ‘*expect*’ any thing else)—Nor will you be surprised at my unceremonious deportment in returning your assault, (‘in reciprocating your salutation’ before) recollecting, as you must (‘conscious, as *you* are,’ in the other sentence) that, instead of having announced to me, by a knightly summons, the attack you meditated, you apprised me of your intention only in the blow.’ Our objection to all this has nothing to do with the meaning or applicability of the sentiments; for what the author can be alluding to by his ‘knightly summons,’ and ‘courtly forms of ancient chivalry,’ we are utterly incapable of perceiving. Indeed we suspect this introduction has been appropriated to the wrong book; and, if our author does really imitate Cicero, and some other ancients, in keeping a store of exordiums on hand, we advise him to exercise a little discretion in prefixing them to the works he may have occasion to publish.

We have neither space nor disposition to enter upon the less important topics of the Reply. We have already proceeded too far on this subject: no consideration can influence us to resume it; and if Doctor C. feels inclined to execute his divers menaces, by exhausting another “phial of wrath” upon our heads, we have only to tell him, “pour on—we will endure.”



CHRONICLE.

EXPENDITURES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

IN the year 1810, a letter was written to lord Melville, first lord of the admiralty, by Wm. Budge, esq. one of the commissioners of the British navy, pointing out various abuses and mistakes in the administration of that department. It does not appear that his representations were attended to, however; on the contrary, an only opportunity was made use of to get rid of this troublesome commissioner. He was shortly afterwards set aside, as superannuated, while drinking the Bath waters, for some temporary complaint. We will give a few extracts from this letter, as they furnish some valuable hints that may be useful to the naval establishment in this country.

Speaking of building vessels of war by contract, he says—
“ I have endeavoured to ascertain the probable difference, and I find that a 74 gun ship, of 1741 tons, is estimated, in the king’s yard, at 28*l.* 10*s.* per ton, which is 5*l.* less than is paid in the merchants’ yards—or 870*5l.* upon the ship: so that if this estimate is correct, the crown will pay 235,035*l.* more for the twenty-seven seventy-fours yet building in the merchants’ yards, than would be paid for building the same number in the king’s yards. Besides, the difference of expense in the prime cost of the ships, there is a point connected with the measure, of still greater importance, and that is, the difference in the construction and durability of the ship, which, I am told, may fairly be reckoned at five pounds per ton, at least, in favour of the king’s built ship.”

After noticing other misapplications of the public monies, he estimates the aggregate loss to the public, in building the twenty-seven seventy-fours, by private contract, at 470,070*l.*

In noticing the mania for building *new ships*, at that time, Mr. Budge observes—"In truth it would seem as if we were determined, notwithstanding our immense superiority, to build two ships to one of the enemy." These new ships, he says, "are often laid up after being launched, and sometimes rot at their moorings in our own ports. At this time there is a ship (the Gladiator, a 44, launched in 1783) which has never been at sea. The fact is extraordinary, particularly, as she is built after a good model, and, of her class, is a desirable ship. This is one instance in proof of what may happen, to the prejudice of the public, by ships being forgotten, or neglected, when once laid up in ordinary." "Economy is much talked of," he continues, "though I fear the necessity of it is not considered; otherwise, a more minute attention would be given to the navy estimates, which now amount to the sum of 19,826,810*l.* *This is only 120,190*l.* less than the whole expenditure of the country in 1794.*"

In the year 1809, he says—"In the article of victuals there was an increase of 1,774,500*l.* on the sum voted in 1808. The ordinary was also increased by a sum of 265,477*l.*; and there was an increase in the transport service of 242,500*l.*; yet all passed in silence in the legislature, without investigation. Another fact, which is equally extraordinary, passed also without being noticed. Under the head of *wear and tear of ships*, there was a diminution to the amount of 1,704,570*l.* upon the vote of the preceding year. So that it seems to be of no consequence whether millions be added, or subtracted from the annual expense of this most important and extensive branch of the public service." "How this great reduction of expense in the *wear and tear of ships* can be explained," proceeds the writer, "I cannot conceive, looking at it comparatively with the other heads of expense. It is even 1,387,500*l.* less than the sum voted for *wear and tear* in 1806, though the increase upon the whole estimate, for 1809, is 3,709,126*l.* more than the estimate for 1806."

We have not room for more extracts; but the whole letter is full of practical information, and exhibits sufficient proofs of the abuses that seem inevitably to insinuate themselves into all old systems. If the revolutions of governments did not cost so much blood, the situation of mankind would certainly be bettered if they happened a little oftener. Old systems are like old buildings, which gradually become the receptacle of rats, and various other vermin, that gradually enlarge their holes, to make room for their plunder, until, at last, the old fabric, weakened by their increasing

dilapidations, tumbles about their ears. Those, whose interest prompts them to desert in time, escape; but the clumsy dormice of the pile are buried in the ruins.

LETTERS OF PAUL JONES.

SINCE the publication of our sketch of the life of Paul Jones, we have received, from the hands of a friend, a letter book, containing copies of captain Jones' letters, from March 1778, to July 1779, inclusively. Had we received them before, they would have enabled us to furnish many additional particulars. We shall occasionally insert some of the most interesting of these, not only as they throw light on his character, and prove him in habits of correspondence with persons of the highest distinction, but, in addition to this, throw considerable light upon many public transactions of the times; and, from their style, furnish evident proofs of a cultivated understanding. The letter below, addressed to the marquis de Nieuil, is written in the most courtly style.

TO THE MARQUIS DE NIEUIL.

Dauphin Royale, Brest, 9th June, 1778.

Were I disposed to be affronted with you, marquis, you have given me a fair opportunity; but, fortunately for you, being at present under a cloud, I am not mounted on Pegasus, nor shall I be satirical in prose.

Since you have endeavoured to prove, by great force of reason and argument, that you have made a bad bargain, I am determined to realise your "dream," as a punishment for your breach of friendship, for you know there is no friendship in trade. I intend to dine with you every day, if possible, and I will bring father John with me too, if I can; so that, as you will not save your wine, you have made a bad bargain indeed.

I thank you for your friendly caution to use the wine you have sent me with moderation. As I am to drink so much on board the Dauphin, and as I do not incline to drink in the morning, your advice shall have its due effect. Some of your champaigne will, perhaps, be reserved to make glad the hearts of our American fair; and I hope, on such occasions, to have so much "remembrance" left, as to propose the health of the giver.

I am, &c.

J. P. JONES.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c. &c.

My Lord,

Passy, July 17th, 1778.

I should be ungrateful did I not return my warmest thanks for your kind and generous intentions in my favour. My greatest ambition would be to merit your future approbation, by my services against the common enemy of France, and America. Had your first plan taken effect, the most pleasing prospect of success would have been before me. But that now seems a distant object.

I have no doubt but that many projects, which would promise success, might be formed from the hints I had the honour of sending lately, for your inspection. Had I been intrusted with the chief command, I would have been responsible for the consequences.

I am bound in honour to communicate faithfully to congress the generous offer which the king now makes, of lending the Epervier in the mean time, to be employed under my command, and under the flag of the United States of America. I would thankfully have accepted this offer, the moment it was communicated to me, had no difficulties occurred on account of the situation of the American funds.

I have now under my command a ship bound to America. On my arrival there, from the former confidence of congress, I have reason to expect an immediate removal into one of their best ships. I have reason also to expect the chief command of the first squadron destined for an expedition. I have in my possession several similar appointments, and when congress see fit to appoint admirals, I have assurances that my name will not be forgot.

These are flattering prospects to a man who has drawn his sword only from motives of philanthropy, and in support of the dignity of human nature. But as I prefer a solid to a shining reputation—a useful to a splendid command—I hold myself ready, with the approbation of the American commissioners at Paris, to be governed by you in any measures that may tend to distress and humble the common enemy.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. P. JONES.

TO HIS EXCELLENCE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Had I indulged my inclination since my return, I should already have troubled you with several letters. I must not, however, abuse the indulgence you permitted to me at parting, and have, therefore, been more troublesome to my good friend Dr. Bancroft.

I wish not to be thought too impatient; but you know, my dear sir, that this is the nice moment when I ought either to be in search of nautical knowledge, with count d'Orvilliers; or in search of honour in attempting some private enterprise. Before I was at liberty to go, the good old count pressed me much to accompany him; but since Dr. Bancroft has informed me that it would be agreeable to the minister that I should, I have been pre-

cluded from following the fleet, as the present commander has no orders for that purpose.

Thus circumstanced, without employment, and in appearance cast off, I have written the within letter to the prince de Nassau, which I leave open for your perusal. Should you find the whole, or any part, improper, I beg you to withhold it.

After all my disappointments, I am persuaded, that the count had, from the beginning, and still has, intentions in my favour, since you know the connexion was not of my seeking.

I am, &c.

J. P. JONES.

To the Editor of the Naval Chronicle.

SIR,

IT was with much pleasure that I read, in your Number for September, a biographical notice of the late lieutenant John T. Shubrick: and I now take the liberty of bringing to your view *an incident* in the life of that gallant and lamented officer, which, as it was perhaps the most brilliant of his eventful life, ought not certainly to remain unnoticed. It is strictly true, that lieutenant S. had seen more service, and been engaged in a greater number of actions, than any American naval officer of equal age. It has been correctly stated, that he was a midshipman on board of the Chesapeake, when she was attacked by the Leopard. On that occasion, a man, standing by his side, was struck by a cannon ball in the face, and lieutenant S. was covered with gore; yet, amidst the horrors of his situation, infinitely more terrible than any combat, however sanguinary, he displayed so much coolness and intrepidity, that all who saw him predicted the eminence which, if his life was spared, the youthful midshipman must ultimately attain. It has also been correctly stated, that Shubrick was next engaged as a lieutenant on board the Constitution, in the memorable action which terminated in the capture of the Guerriere, and captain Hull bears testimony to his "gallantry and good conduct" on that occasion. The writer of the biographical sketch, however, after noticing these actions, proceeds to state, "that, after the capture of the Guerriere, and the return of the Constitution into port for repairs, lieutenant Shubrick joined the Hornet, and was present in the affair with the Peacock." It should

have been stated that lieutenant Shubrick sailed in the *Constitution*, under commodore Bainbridge, and was present in the affair with the *Java*; after which, he volunteered to go on board the *Hornet*, then blockading the harbour of St. Salvador, the ship *Bonne Citoyenne*, with which an action was daily expected, as captain Lawrence had invited a meeting, and commodore Bainbridge had pledged his honour to be out of the way. But as captain Greene declined the meeting, under the pretext of distrusting the sincerity of commodore Bainbridge, the *Hornet* sailed on a cruise, and, on the 22d of February, fell in with the *Peacock*, and sunk her in fifteen minutes. "Never (says the author of the British Synopsis) was there a finer specimen of marine gunnery than the Americans displayed in this engagement." Captain Lawrence, in his official letter, says, "I would be doing injustice to the merits of lieutenant Shubrick, and acting lieutenants Conner and Newton, were I not to recommend them particularly to your notice. Lieutenant Shubrick was in the actions with the *Guerriere* and *Java*; captain Hull, and commodore Bainbridge, can bear testimony to his coolness and good conduct on both occasions." The noble spirit which animates the bosoms of our naval heroes, has been seldom more conspicuously displayed than in this voluntary offer, on the part of lieutenant Shubrick, to leave a victorious ship (in whose glory he had a double right to participate, having twice contributed to its acquisition) in order to join another, expecting daily to encounter a superior enemy. When it is considered that the *Constitution* was on her way home, where the honours and rewards of a grateful country awaited her officers and men—to quit such a ship at such a moment—to relinquish the satisfaction of a triumphant entry into an American port—to forego the pleasure of meeting anxious and expecting friends—and this too where duty could not exact the sacrifice, which the danger of the occasion seemed so absolutely to require—cannot but be regarded as one of the highest efforts of heroism. In making a proper estimate of such an action, we ought not to forget, that he who performed it was a youth of exquisite sensibility—alive to every impression of joy—to whom the rewards of virtuous ambition were dearer than life, and whose home was endeared to him by the tenderest ties. The other incidents in the life of lieutenant Shubrick have been correctly de-

tailed. He was present in the action with the British squadron, which terminated in the surrender of the President; and he afterwards served as first lieutenant in the Guerriere, throughout the war with Algiers. In the official account of the former, commodore Decatur remarks, that "if the issue of this affair had been fortunate, I should have felt it my duty to recommend to your attention lieutenants Shubrick and Gallagher. They maintained, throughout the day, the reputation they had acquired in former actions." On the termination of the war with Algiers, the Epervier was dispatched with the treaty of peace, and the command of her bestowed upon lieut. Shubrick. As he had married an amiable lady in New York, who had recently presented him with a son, his anxiety to meet these objects of his affection, added to his uniform good conduct and faithful services, the commodore was, no doubt, partly influenced by these considerations in investing him with so distinguished a command. The result is well known: He who had been engaged in six bloody battles, and had encountered danger in every shape, without injury, fell in the inglorious capacity of a messenger of peace. Lieutenant Shubrick, it is believed, was a favourite wherever he was known; but in South Carolina his memory is cherished with peculiar affection. The legislature voted him a sword, valued at five hundred dollars, and he was presented with one of equal elegance by the citizens of Charleston, within three miles of which city he was born and brought up. A great part of his early days were spent among its citizens. The writer of this article knew him intimately; and is fully persuaded, that had he lived he must have become one of the most distinguished officers in the service. To a mind naturally acute and discriminating, he added a store of valuable information. His manners were so mild, and his conduct, on all occasions, so amiable and dispassionate, that a stranger might, at a first introduction, suppose him deficient in that *force of character* so essential to military greatness. But a very short acquaintance dispelled this idea: his character gradually unfolded itself; and at length he exhibited a *boldness* and *daring* for which no enterprise was too arduous—no danger too great—no trial too severe. A sense of honour so refined and delicate, that death itself would have been regarded as the lightest of ills when put in competition with it, and a self-possession which no difficul-

ties could disturb, were the peculiar characteristics of Shubrick. His was a name, dear to Carolina. His father was an officer distinguished in the war of the revolution: he left six sons, and every one of them were in the army or navy during the late war. Richard, a surgeon of the third regiment of infantry, and Thomas, a lieutenant of artillery, both sacrificed their lives in the service of their country. William B. Shubrick, now a lieutenant on board the Washington, in the Mediterranean, eminently distinguished himself in the defence of Craney island. The two younger brothers (one recently promoted to a lieutenancy, and the other a midshipman, in the navy) fought gallantly, and still live to support the reputation of their father and their brothers.

A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN.

Charleston, September 23, 1816.

EXTRACTS.

Travels into various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part II. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Section Second, 4to. pp. about 850. Price 4l. 14s. 6d. Cadell and Davis. 1814.

Section Third. To which is added a supplement, respecting the Author's journey from Constantinople to Vienna; containing his Account of the gold mines of Transylvania and Hungary, 4to. pp. 750 Price 4l. 14s. 6d. 1816.

[The two volumes contain (including maps and charts) 56 engravings of the full size, and 48 vignettes.]

[*From the Eclectic Review.*]

The first volume of Dr. Clarke's splendid performance traced him across the Russian empire, from north to south, and left him at the metropolis of the Mahomedans. Thence the narration in the second volume, carried him to the Troad, to Rhodes, to Egypt, to Cyprus, and to the Holy Land, and left him at Acre on his return towards Egypt, in which region of wonders we find him occupied through nearly half the third volume, which is the largest of the series. It commences with a prefatory miscellany of notices and observations, respecting the rules of selection which he has observed, and the improvements that have been made during the progress of the work; respecting the disputed site of Heliopolis; and also the reluctance in certain quarters, to admit the evidence, still regarded by him as quite decisive, that the splendid and interesting antiquity brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum, is actually what Egyptian tradition has represented it to be the tomb, which once contained the body of Alexander the great. The preface is followed by 'Remarks,' by Mr Walpole, 'on the Libraries of Greece,' and a catalogue of the books in the monastery of Patmos. Dr. Clarke and his companion quitted Acre for the last time; reached Aboukir about the time of the surrender of Cairo by the French; and passing several days on board one of the ships appointed to convey the prisoners to France, witnessed, and has vividly described, the wretched, squalid, motley appearance, and the mirthful, farcical, and profligate character, of the wrecks of the French army. The author and his associates entered Egypt by the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, in one of the boats called *Djermes*, with imminent hazard of life from the dreadful surf upon the bar. He says there

is hardly a more formidable surf any where known than that at the entrance of the Nile into the Mediterranean, and that 'it was even asserted that the loss of men at the mouth of the Nile, including those both of the army and navy, who were here sacrificed, was greater than the total of our loss in all the engagements that took place with the French troops in Egypt.' The Arab boatmen defied the peril, and desperately drove through the furious turbulence, in which they saw at the very moment, another djerm swamped and wrecked just at their side. Among a variety of curious notices of Rosetta, we have a description of

'A most singular exhibition of the *Serpent-Eaters, or Psylli*, as mentioned by Herodotus, and by many ancient authors. A tumultuous throng, passing beneath the windows of our house, attracted our attention towards the quay: here we saw a concourse of people following men apparently frantic, who, with every appearance of convulsive agony, were brandishing live serpents, and then tearing them with their teeth; snatching them from each other's mouths, with loud cries and distorted features, and afterwards falling into the arms of the spectators, as if swooning; the women all the while rending the air with their lamentations. Pliny often mentions these jugglers; and as their tricks have been noticed by other travellers, it is only now necessary to attest the existence of this extraordinary remnant of a very ancient custom.'

With some difficulty a djerm was hired, and provisions were purchased, for a voyage up the Nile to Cairo. It was in August, and therefore at the time of the inundation, a season which affords a singular advantage for the navigation of the river; for at that time there regularly prevails a powerful wind from the north and north-west; so that by means of the immense sail peculiar to the large boats of the Nile, the voyager can advance with great rapidity against the utmost force of the current, to Cairo, or any part of Upper Egypt; and then 'for returning, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down mast and sails, and leave the vessel to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage, from Rosetta to Bulâc, the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours; a distance equal to four hundred miles.' In this passage towards Cairo the author was struck with the populous appearance of the banks of the river, the villages being in almost uninterrupted succession. He also dwells with admiration on the prodigious fertility of the soil of the Delta, of which the best watered portions produce three crops a year, the first of clover, the second of corn, the third of rice; and then there are 'never-ending plantations of melons and of all kinds of garden vegetables; so that, from the abundance of its produce, Egypt may be deemed the richest country in the world.' But never was superlative applause more completely neutralized by an account of the other parts of the character, than in this instance.

'But to strangers, and particularly to inhabitants of northern countries, where wholesome air and cleanliness are among the necessities of life,

Egypt is the most detestable region upon earth. Upon the retiring of the Nile, the country is one vast swamp. An atmosphere impregnated with every putrid and offensive exhalation, stagnates, like the filthy pool over which it broods. Then the plague regularly begins, nor ceases until the waters return again. General Le Grange assured us that the ravages in the French army, caused by the plague during the month of April, at one time amounted to a hundred men in a single day. Throughout the spring, intermitting fevers universally prevail! About the beginning of May certain winds cover even the sands of the desert with the most disgusting vermin. Lice and scorpions abound in all the sandy desert near Alexandria. The latest descendants of Pharaoh are not yet delivered from the evils which fell upon the land when it was smitten by the hand of Moses and Aaron: the "plague of frogs," the "plague of lice," the "plague of flies, the murrain, boils, and blains," prevail, so that the whole country is "corrupted," and "**THE DUST OF THE EARTH BECOMES LICE, UPON MAN AND UPON BEAST, THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND OF EGYPT.**" This application of the words of scripture, affords a literal exposition of existing facts, such a one as the statistics of the country do now warrant. Sir Sidney Smith informed the author, that one night, preferring a bed upon the sand of the desert to a night's lodging in the village of Etko, as thinking to be secure from vermin, he found himself entirely covered with them.'

Drinking the water? The Nile during the period of its overflow, is apt to produce a disorder called "prickly heat," which often terminates in those dreadful wounds alluded to in scripture by the word "boils, and blains." Such an effect will not be wondered at after hearing what are the ingredients of the potion. The torrent is every where dark with mud; a ladle or bucket dipped into it will bring up a quantity of animalculæ; tadpoles and young frogs are so numerous that, rapid as the current flows, there is no part of the Nile where the water does not contain them. Putting however, the drinking out of the question, and regarding the river as an element to float and journey upon, Dr. C. says it affords a most delightful contrast to the heat, the sand, the dirt, and the vermin, which co-operate to plague almost out of his life the traveller by land. At the time the djerm reached Bulâc, the travellers were roused early in the morning from their cabin, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in sight,

—and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination, had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld.

The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror; which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids

which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation;—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and repose.'

At Cairo, and in its most interesting vicinity, about three weeks were spent by our author, in the incessant activity and research by which he is always so meritoriously distinguished. By means of a canal which intersects the city, the Englishmen visited the different quarters of it, and were somewhat the less sensible, from the prevalence of water, of its being the 'dirtiest metropolis in the world.' There was, however, great superabundance of diseases and plagues, the ophthalmia, dysentery, and "boils of the Nile," with all manner of vermin that crawls or flies. 'Such a plague of flies covered all things with their swarms, that it was impossible to eat without hiring persons to stand by every table with feathers or flappers, to drive them away.' Lizards were crawling about in every apartment equally in the houses of rich and poor, and could fasten themselves on pendent mirrors and the glass of the windows. *

There was at the time, encamped on the isle of Rhouda, under the command of general Baird, a strong detachment from the

* This curious phenomenon is accounted for by sir Everard Home, in a paper laid before the Royal Society of London, Feb. 22, 1816. Ed. An. Mag.

"It is well known, (says he) that the house-fly is capable of walking upon the ceiling of rooms, in which situation its body is not supported on the legs; but the principle upon which it does so has not been explained, because the animal is too small for the feet to be anatomically investigated.' Sir Everard was not aware that any animal, of a much larger size, was endowed with the same power, till sir Joseph Banks told him that the *Lacerta Gecko*, a native of the island of Java, was in the habit of coming out of an evening, from the roofs of the houses, and walking down the smooth, hard, polished chunam walls, in search of flies that settle upon them, and then running up again. Sir Joseph, while at Batavia, was in the habit of catching this animal, by standing close to the wall, with a long flattened pole, which, being made suddenly to scrape its surface, knocked it down. He procured sir Everard a specimen of a very large size, weighing five ounces three quarters, avoirdupois weight, which enabled him to ascertain the peculiar mechanism by which the feet of this animal can keep their hold of a smooth, hard, perpendicular wall, and carry up so large a weight as that of its own body. Sir Everard particularly described the anatomy of the foot of this lizard, which is so constructed as to enable it to produce a number of small concavities, which act like so many cupping glasses, and atmospheric pressure retains him in his position. The author, having ascertained the principle on which an animal of so large a size as this, is enabled to support itself, in progressive motion, against gravity, felt himself more competent to examine into the mechanism by which the common fly supports itself, with so much facility, in still more disadvantageous situations. An account was then given of the structure of the fly's foot, which showed that it possessed concave surfaces, capable of acting in the same manner as those of the *Lacerta Gecko*: and that, therefore, its progressive motion against gravity was effected by the same means.—*Journal of Science and the Arts*, pp. 116, 117.

army in India. It had come up the Red sea, and across the desert from Cosseir, to co-operate against the French. Its appointments, appearance, and style of living, were splendid and sumptuous, presenting a violent contrast to the condition of the army from England, encamped near Alexandria. The travellers were soon at home among its military shows and its banquets. Gen. Baird ascribed the safety of the army in navigating the Red sea, in no small degree to the truth of Bruce's chart. There happened to arrive at Cairo a native Abyssinian ecclesiastic, a dean. A very curious account is given of an examination, into which, by our author's management, he was drawn, in a company of literary travellers, with a view to try the veracity of Bruce, a copy of whose travels was in the possession of gen. Baird. It was settled that no mention should be made of Bruce, but a series of questions put from his work; of which work, lying on the table, it was impossible for him to have any knowledge. His answers on a great number of points, though now and then contradicting Bruce, tended on the whole very powerfully to prove the general fidelity of his representations. And when that traveller's plates of natural history were shown him, he instantly recognised a great number of them, called them by exactly the same names that Bruce has given; and in many instances attributed to them the properties ascribed by him. Our adventurers were highly gratified by such testimony in favour and in vindication of one of the most memorable predecessors of the fraternity. The *general* truth of Bruce's relations concerning Abyssinia and himself, has been put beyond all doubt by successive and accumulated evidence; the same evidence, however, convicting him of such deviations from fact, in some parts of his narration, as can by no stretch of candour be imputed to mere negligence or lapse of memory. Thus, with a perfect certainty of the general truth of the representation, the reader nevertheless, feels a continual repression of interest, from the impossibility of a perfect reliance on any one of the particulars in the narration. While nine parts out of ten of the work *may* be accurately true, the readers' knowing that Bruce did not make strict truth an absolute rule in his narration, disables him to give, if we may so express it, so much as half his faith to any thing in the work, till it is verified by some other testimony. The very interest and prolongation of the question and controversy respecting him, are a reproach on his memory. Concerning a perfectly honest narrator such a controversy would very soon have ceased. There is something in the whole manner of genuine scrupulous truth, which soon puts an end to scepticism and cavil. Though a few things in the relation were to appear strange beyond all precedent, a prevailing palpable integrity in the relator would make any thing be believed that was not contradictory or impossible;—would at least make it be believed, that *to the best of the traveller's knowledge and belief the fact was so.*

We have very lively descriptions of the people and customs of Cairo, while liveliness, our author says, is the thing totally wanting in all the inhabitants but the Arabs. Their disposition is ‘to exist without exertion of any kind; to pass whole days upon beds and cushions, smoking and counting beads.’ This dulness pervades the habits and families of the residents from Europe, excepting, we presume, the long-famed Signor Rosetti. But the living inhabitants are a matter of inferior consideration in a region which seems even now to belong much more to the people who lived there innumerable ages since. Those ancient possessors have left their imperishable works upon it, as if in evidence of the perpetuity of their claim; and, as if to maintain it have left their very bodies, still existing and complete, refusing to submit to the ordinary destiny of mingling with the dust.

‘What signify,’ the enthusiast for the ancient world will exclaim, ‘what signify these transitory, vulgar, living men, and their operations and their abodes, on a field occupied above with pyramids and beneath with catacombs? on a field where eternal monuments seem inhabited by the spectres of the dead?’ Dr. Clarke displays habitually a high degree of this susceptibility to the venerable and awful character of funereal antiquity. There is however one little circumstance in the account of the visit to the pyramids, which struck us as oddly inharmonious with this state of feeling. He says ‘Some Bedoun Arabs, who had received us upon our landing (from the Nile) were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party, to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain’ (the great pyramid). This, we think, was a vastly puerile sort of emotion to prevail in such a situation; and wonderfully different from those impressions of awe, amounting even to terror, which he a little while before described as inevitably incident to a person of sensibility in approaching these stupendous monuments. We should really have thought that any one of the cultivated and reflective persons of the party, or at any rate that our author, would have been perfectly willing to be left the last in the ascent, if by that means he might be the more abandoned to the power and impression of the scene. Or, are we to take it that this competition to get foremost was an effect of the very terror alluded to,—that it was from the apprehension of being quite seized and overpowered by it if left in the rear of this sort of virtuoso mob? Indeed, it seems that into this very predicament one of the party, an officer, was actually thrown being literally so overwhelmed with the stupendous sight around him, that about midway of the ascent he became unable to proceed. Dr. C. went down from the top, to excite and assist him, and he was at length conducted to the summit. On that summit the party were, each and all, to play another little game, that of carving their names in the stone. For to us it appears a rather ill-judging kind of vanity and egotism, to attempt to turn this awful structure to the use of recording an hour’s visit of beings, whose whole life

on earth is such a trifle of duration, compared with that of a work which, at the end of the world, will have been so far towards co-eval with all time. Why was exactly this circumstance to be recorded on such a monument, in preference to millions of more serious ones that have taken place in the presence of this solemn pile? Without question it was well to avoid all *affectation* of high and tumultuous enthusiasm, of profound and absorbing reverie, while standing for a few moments in so majestic a position; and perhaps it was rational not to be actually wrapt into such a state of feeling. But we cannot well comprehend how the visible magnificence, immensity, and antiquity, the visionary musing, the impression of solemnity, the crowding access of recollections and associations, inseparable, as it may be supposed, from any susceptible, highly cultivated, and classical mind, should admit a full suspension for so trivial and at the same time protracted an employment, as that of cutting a man's name on the stone—when, too, it was the first time, and to be the last, of being in so sublime a situation, and when the situation was to be held but for a few moments.

It will be alleged, and most truly, no doubt, that it is not so easy to lose sight, even for one quarter of an hour, of the little article self, in the most striking situations on earth; in situations where the contemplative visitant is naturally beset by a whole host of ideas bearing no direct relation to himself. And a long list of travellers' names, which might be found inscribed on the venerable remains of antiquity in the different parts of the world, would tell us that the above remarks are somewhat hypercritical. We readily quit the topic, to say how much we are gratified by the animated and interesting description of the great pyramid, of the objects in its vicinity, and of the grand panorama beheld from the summit. We were most powerfully arrested by the observations and experiments on the famous well, which is found in an obscure passage at the central interior of the pyramid.

'In this passage we found, upon our right hand, the mysterious well. Pliny makes the depth of it equal to one hundred and twenty-nine feet; but Greaves, in sounding it with a line, made the plummet rest at the depth of twenty feet. 'The mouth of it is barely large enough to admit the passage of a man's body; but, as this may be effected, it is to be regretted that the French, during all their researches here, did not adopt some plan for the effectual examination of a place likely to throw considerable light upon the nature of the pyramid, and the foundation on which it stands. This would require more time than travellers usually can spare, and more apparatus than they can carry with them. In the first place it would be necessary to fasten lighted tapers at the end of a long cord, to precede the person descending, as a precaution whereby the quality of the air below may be proved, and those fatal effects prevented, which often attend an improvident descent into wells, and subterraneous chambers of every description. Many hands, too, would be required above, to manage and sustain the ropes by which any adventurer, during the experiment, must remain suspended.' We threw down some stones, and observed that they rested about the depth which Greaves has mentioned; but being at length provided with a stone nearly as large as

the mouth of the well, and about fifty pounds in weight, we let it fall, listening attentively for the result from the spot where the other stones rested; we were agreeably surprised by hearing, after a length of time which must have equalled some seconds, a loud and distinct report, seeming to come from a spacious subterraneous apartment, accompanied by a splashing noise, as if the stone had been broken into pieces, and had fallen into a reservoir of water at an amazing depth. Thus does experience always tend to confirm the accounts left us by the ancients; for this exactly answers to the description given by Pliny of this well; and, in all probability, the depth of it does not much differ from that which he mentions, of eighty-six cubits, or one hundred and twenty-nine feet, making the cubit equal to eighteen inches. Pliny says that the water of the Nile was believed to communicate with this well. The inundation of the river was now nearly at its height. Can it be supposed that, by some hitherto unobserved and secret channels, it is thus conveyed to the bottom of this well? It seems more probable that the water is nothing more than the usual result of an excavation in a stratum of limestone, carried on to the depth at which water naturally lies in other wells of the same country; as, for example, in the pit called *Joseph's well*, in the citadel of Grand Cairo.'

Such a profound pit, opening in a place itself so dark and awful, is the superlative aggravation of gloom and mystery. The descent into the depth of this gulf of central night, if indeed it shall not be forbidden by a mephitic state of the air, is one of the most signal exploits yet awaiting an intelligent and daring curiosity. The adventurer for whom it is reserved, (it must not be the officer who was so completely unmanned on the outside of the pyramid, in cheerful day-light,) will have had some sensations with which he will in vain seek for persons adequately to sympathise.

So inexhaustible is the power of these Egyptian monuments over the imagination, that notwithstanding every former description we have read of the interior of the great pyramid, we feel an undiminished interest in accompanying the new explorer, through the leading passages, in the lateral ducts and recesses, and into the final grand apartment, where remains the *Soros*, or tomb, which once contained, but not since the earliest periods of profane history, the lifeless personage for whom the whole enormous pile was raised as an eternal sanctuary and memorial. And really, setting aside the purely superstitious part of the proud projector's anticipations, that is to say, the direct and personal advantage believed to be conferred on the condition after death, by an indestructible sepulchre, and regarding only the intention of commanding the veneration of successive living generations, we must acknowledge the wisdom of his calculation;—provided only that he could have been certain his body should be for ever secure against profane intrusion, and that there should be an unfailing record or tradition transmitted downward, of its actually being in the unknown chambers of the inviolable structure. For a certain solemn and venerating sentiment *would* have been entertained, involuntarily, by all subsequent generations, for the dead personage so known to have his dwelling in the impenetrable sanctuary with-

in such a structure. Such would have been the feeling at this very day, beyond all escape or cure; and so much the stronger the more cultivated might be the beholder's mind. Only imagine the effect of stupendous vastness, and of the continually deepening solemnity of antiquity, combined with that reverence which it is a principle of our nature to feel for the remains of the dead; and all this rendered still more emphatic by the secrecy and mystery of the unexplored abode! If, with respect to the second of the great pyramids, there were any record to make us quite certain that it thus contains and conceals an ancient inhabitant, much of this state of feeling would be experienced by reflective men in approaching it; at least if the beholder approached it in solitude and under the other circumstances favourable to solemn thought; though certainly the effect would be much less powerful from his seeing the mightiest of these abodes of death violated and vacant. It is with a proper caution that we have said 'reflective men;' for Dr. Clarke has given a most gross and offensive instance of the total want of any thing belonging to this order of feelings, in a proportion of our English invaders of Egypt. The opprobrious fact is, that the beautiful SOROS in the grand chamber of the pyramid, an object that had remained uninjured during nearly a hundred generations, having been held sacred by all sorts of barbarians, amid all manner of hostilities and ravages, is now no longer entire since Englishmen have had the free range of the country.

'The soldiers and sailors of our army and navy having had frequent access to the interior of the pyramid, carried with them sledge-hammers, to break off pieces to be conveyed to England; and began, alas! the havoc of its demolition. Had it not been for the classical taste and laudable interference of colonel, now general Stuart, then commanding officer in that district, who threatened to make an example of any individual whether officer or private, who should disgrace his country by thus waging hostility against History and the Arts, not a particle of the SOROS would have remained. Yet, as a proof of the difficulty which attended this worse than Scythian ravage, the persons who thus left behind them a sad memorial of the British name, had only succeeded in accomplishing a fracture near one of the angles. It was thus disfigured when we arrived; and every traveller of taste will join in reprobating any future attempt to increase the injury it has so lamentably sustained.'

Thus, in a place more majestically monumental than any other on earth, in the peculiar region of perpetuity, our people have secured a permanent monument to their disgrace. By means also of dilapidation, the French have left a lasting memorial, but which will not be among the recorded dishonours of their Egyptian expedition. They made a vigorous and persevering attempt to force an entrance into the interior of the third pyramid; and had there been time for prosecuting the operation, they would perhaps have disclosed another magnificent sanctuary of death, and found a tomb not deserted by its ancient inhabitant.

In the above observations we have assumed that the intention and use of the pyramids were such as history has represented; that the Egyptian monarchs constructed them for their tombs. But Dr. Clarke has started a different speculation respecting the great pyramid. He seems half willing to make it believed, that it was built by the Israelites for a temporary receptacle in which to deposit the body of Joseph, till the time should arrive at which they were to carry it away with them out of Egypt. And he reasons the matter with a very ingenious plausibility. But he will probably convince but very few readers, and indeed we think his own faith is of an extremely slight consistence. Not to remark that there seems something rather rashly bold in so completely and unceremoniously setting aside, at a stroke, the whole authority of the Greek historians, especially after the compliment just paid, in the passage we have transcribed, to the accuracy of the ancients, in their descriptive notices at least, concerning ancient structures,—we should think there is insuperable improbability in the nature of the thing. Could it comport with the common sense of any set of human beings that ever lived, to employ, even if they had the power to do so, the labour of myriads, during a long course of years, and with a combination, in the plan and execution, of all possible adaptations to perpetuity, for a purpose confessedly temporary, and when a thousandth, perhaps a ten thousandth part of the toil would have created a solid receptacle for the venerated object; and when also that sacred object had already been preserved in safety for a long time without any such mighty munition?—for a long space of time it surely *must* have been, subsequently to Joseph's death, before the family of Jacob could have grown to a sufficient multitude to make such a project appear feasible even to the most enthusiastic among their very dreamers. Add to this, that their patriotism and imagination might naturally operate in the way of contracting in prospect the probable duration of their sojourn in a land not their own.

But, in the next place, supposing they had the disposition to act in a manner so very preposterous, it seems impossible to believe they could have had the power to do so. We presume no one can reflect on the enormous labour and expense of constructing the great pyramid, and not feel an irresistible conviction that such a work could not be carried on and completed—we do not say without the *sanction* of the supreme power of the state, but—without the direct authority, assistance, and almost compulsion of that power. Now is it not against all manner of probability, that an Egyptian tyrant, long enough after Joseph's death probably, to have had for him little or no direct personal interest of friendship or gratitude, contemplating from his palace at Memphis an alien tribe, which had never combined or coalesced with his people, and which he and his people would naturally regard through the medium of a jealous, oppressive, and calculating policy, devising how to turn them to the most servile and gainful account,—that,

under such circumstances, he would suffer them and aid them to withdraw the main force of their labours from the service of the state, and for an indefinite length of time, to raise for a person of their own tribe a funereal structure surpassing all that had ever been attempted in honour of the proud monarchs of Egypt themselves? — We confess that nothing appears to us much more impossible to be believed.

When our author and his companions approached the Sphinx, their attention was awakened to extreme curiosity by a ‘reddish hue discernable over the whole mass, quite inconsistent with the common colour of the limestone used in building the pyramids, and of which the Sphinx itself is formed.’

‘This,’ he says, ‘induced us to examine more attentively the superficies of the statue: and having succeeded in climbing beneath the right ear of the figure, where the surface had never been broken, nor in any degree decomposed by the action of the atmosphere, we found, to our very great surprise, that the whole had once been painted of a dingy red or blood colour, like some of the stuccoed walls of the houses in Pompeii and Herculaneum.’

Nor was this all: he detected an inscription, written in black, upon the red surface; so concealed from ordinary observation by the height from the ground, and the shade of the ear, as to elude the vigilance of all former inspectors. Of the characters, partly Coptic and partly Arabic, with several curious monograms, he has given a *fac-simile* delineated with the utmost care: no attempt has been made to interpret them.

The next excursion, in which they passed what Dr. C. agrees with Savary in judging to be the scite of Memphis, was to the pyramids of Saccára, which he regards as ‘a continuation of the same great cemetery to which those of Djiza also belonged.’ Those of Saccára bear the indications of still more remote antiquity, in the more decayed state of the surface, and in their less artificial and therefore more primitive form, as being nearer to that of the simple tumulus, the most ancient form, beyond all question, of sepulchral monument. These more southern pyramids are in different degrees of approach toward the tumulus and toward the finished pyramid; ‘and as we proceed,’ says Dr. C. ‘in surveying them from the south towards the north, ending with the principal pyramid of Djiza, we pass from the primeval mound, through all its modifications, until we arrive at the most artificial pyramidal heap.’ One of these southern masses is built of unburnt bricks, and is in a very mouldering state. The bricks contain shells, gravel, and chopped straw. There is one which Pococke thought as large as the principal one at Djiza. Like, in a measure, to that grand pyramid, a number of these southern ones are graduated, but not with so great a number of steps, one of the most conspicuous ‘consisting of only six tiers or ranges of stone; the pyramid itself being a hundred and fifty feet in height.’

At Saccara the author descended into several of the rifled catacombs, found scattered fragments of mummies, and observed with

the most pointed attention the form and dimensions of the niches where the bodies had been placed, in order to decide the question whether they were laid in a recumbent, or set in an upright position. And between his observations here, and information acquired else where, he was satisfied, to absolute certainty, that they were placed horizontally. These subterranean apartments had an oppressively offensive smell, for which he could not at all account.

There is no gaining access to the catacombs where any of the mummies are remaining entire. They are most carefully concealed and obstructed by the Arabs, who make an unworthy trade of their contents. The repositories of embalmed birds are allowed to be examined. Dr. C. descended into one of them, stored with a countless multitude of the earthen jars containing them, piled in ranks over and behind one another. His description, and the subsequent observations on the veneration felt for the Ibis, and the cause of such immense accumulations of these birds, are curious.

Towards the close of the dissertation on the origin and design of the pyramids, he has brought together in a note, the opinions of many learned men on the question,—hardly perhaps worth such a consumption of time and intellect as these references alone would suffice to show that it has cost—whether the Egyptian god named Apis, or Serapis, and Osiris, was not in truth a deification of the patriarch Joseph. Dr. C. appears considerably inclined to adopt the affirmative. This would explain, he thinks, various particulars in the Egyptian mythology and ritual. Thus, ‘the annual mournings which took place for *the loss of the body of Osiris*, and the exhibition of an empty Soros upon those occasions, might be ceremonies derived from *the loss of Joseph's body*, which had been carried away by the Hebrews when they left the country.’—‘If,’ he says, ‘the connexion between ancient Egyptian mythology and Jewish history had been duly traced, an evident analogy founded upon events which have reference to the earliest annals of the Hebrews, might be made manifest.’

One of the excursions from the head-quarters at Cairo, was to the undoubted site of the ancient Heliopolis, the On of the Mosaic history; where stands, ‘on the spot where the Hebrews had their first settlement’ the celebrated Obelisk, ‘the only great work of antiquity’ says our author, ‘now remaining in all the land of Goshen.’ ‘Its height is between sixty and seventy feet; its breadth at the base, six feet: the whole being one entire mass of reddish granite. From the coarseness of the sculpture, as well as the history of the city to which this obelisk belonged, there is reason to believe it the oldest monument of the kind in Egypt.’ An engraving is given from the drawing, in making which he was particularly attentive to preserve the rude character of the sculptured hieroglyphics, instead of misrepresenting them, as it is justly complained that travellers have been in the habit of doing, in such subjects, by giving more correctly delineated forms of the objects they suppose to have been intended by the ancient sculptor.

Dr. Clarke, though evidently one of the very last men to despair of the attainment of any object important to knowledge and literature, seems to surrender all hope on the subject of the elucidation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

'Isis long ago declared, that no mortal had ever removed her veil; and the impenetrable secret seems not likely to be divulged. One solitary fact has been vouchsafed to ages of restless inquiry upon this subject; namely, that the hieroglyphic characters constituted *a written language*, the signs of an ancient alphabet, expressed according to the most ancient mode of writing, in *capital letters*; and it is probable that the more compound forms were a series of monograms.'

He several times adverts to it as a curious fact, apparently well established, that the alphabetical characters of ancient Egyptian writing, were formed from the hieroglyphics, by a gradual change, or degeneration of those signs from their primitive form, of pictures of visible objects, into types at last very little more than arbitrary. The noted Crux Ansata, or cross surmounted with a ring as a handle, so continually recurring among the hieroglyphics, is regarded as the only one of them that has had the misfortune to be detected. Our author cites the authority of those early christian writers, who, on the testimony of converted heathens, have declared it to typify 'life to come:' this he thinks may be admitted as its abstracted or symbolical meaning; his opinion of its *immediate* signification he has not done much amiss to leave in the latin of Jablonski.

On the return to Rosetta the travellers examined, a little to the south of Rachmanie, a mass of ruins, which had escaped the observation of the French, though D'Anville had marked the spot as the situation of the ancient Sais. Dr. C. had no doubt that he was standing among the relics of that city, while beholding in irregular heaps the remains of massive foundations, and the still lofty ramparts of a vast inclosure. From the inhabitants of a neighbouring village he obtained a variety of curious antiquities, on which he has made several interesting observations; especially on a hieroglyphic tablet, now in the university library at Cambridge, and of which a very large engraving is given in the book.

In one sense, any sculptured stone, any fragment of a column, or a sphinx, or a god, was a more interesting object than almost any of the living human beings expending their little mortal allotment of time on this enchanted ground. Our author, however, took proper notice of their condition, character, and habits. The people of Cairo were suffering much, at the very time the 'English were in possession of the city,' from the barbarity of the Turks. One form in which it was exercised, was particularly atrocious. They murdered, without ceremony or restraint, wherever they met with them, the women who were known or suspected to have been married to, or to have cohabited with, men of the French army. They even accounted this a meritorious sort of religious sacrifice to the sanctity of the true faith. Multitudes were aban-

doned to this fate at the departure of the French, while some accompanied the embarkation. Our author and his companions aided the escape of four young women, by dexterously managing to conceal them in their *djerm* in descending the Nile. The people had also a grievous recollection of that low villain general Menou, whose rapacity had omitted no expedient of extortion. Dr. C. gives, afterwards, a very amusing account of his interviews and negotiations with this base, and insolent, and irritable Mahomedan, (for such he pretended to have become,) respecting the antiquities which the French, at the time of their surrender at Alexandria, were designing secretly to carry off; especially the magnificent sarcophagus of Alexander, of which Dr. C. had privately received some slight intelligence, upon which he acted with a promptitude which resulted in the addition of this sumptuous relic to the British Museum.

In a polite interview with the gentlemen of the Egyptian institute, he found them packing up some of those performances which have since resulted in the vast and superb work *Description de l'Egypte*. They acknowledged the limited scope which had been allowed to their researches, which, they said, ‘had always been restricted to the march of their army.’

It was by means of a copy from a drawing finished by one of the chief engineers of the institute, that Dr. C. has been enabled to give an elegant plan of the catacombs near Alexandria, the Necropolis of the ancient Racotis, a city that was in ruins before the building of Alexandria. He spent six hours within these dark and solemn apartments, to which access is obtained by a straight descending perforation in the soft rock, not by the ancient entrance, which is now concealed. Even after what he had already beheld, of the labours of the Egyptians in accommodation or in honour of the dead, he contemplated with amazement this vast cemetery, with its temple of Serapis, (as he is inclined to judge one of the apartments may have been,) surrounded with regal tombs. In this supposed sanctuary, or close in its vicinity, he saw sculptured the orb with wings, which figure, if it is considered as the symbol of Serapis, as god of the shades, will tend, he remarks, to confirm Jablonski’s opinion, ‘that Serapis was a type of the *infernal sun*, that is to say, of the sun during its course through the *lower hemisphere*, or winter signs of the Zodiac; as Ammon was of the *supernal*, or path of the sun during the summer months.’ And it is ingeniously attempted to be shown that even this explanation is perfectly compatible with the notion of those who believe that Serapis was no other than a mythological personation of the patriarch Joseph.

Considerable space is occupied with curious description, narration, and disquisition, concerning Pompey’s pillar. The examiners were very reasonably amazed at the manner in which they found this stupendous column supported, that is to say, ‘upon a small prop of stone about *four feet square*:’ this is absolutely the sole base on which the pedestal rests. The inverted hieroglyphics

on this stone, prove it to be the fragment of some structure in ruins before the pillar was raised.

The Greek inscription on the pedestal, which had been noticed by Maillet and by Pococke, eluded the most accurate examination of Dr. C. and several attentive investigators with him, as it had baffled all the French inspectors, during their long residence in the country. The late colonel Squire was the first that descried it. When recovered, it proves to be of as little consequence as many a compartment of hieroglyphics would doubtless be found, if their import could be elicited from under that sacred gloom of mystery which has such a power of giving a portentous character to the merest trifles. All that can be learned from this legend, rescued by lynx-eyed inquisition from eternal oblivion, and conjecturally restored in the vacant places of some irrecoverable letters, and even one whole, is, that

"Posthumus praefect of Egypt, and the people of the metropolis, ('honour') the most revered emperor, the protecting divinity of Alexandria, the divine Hadrian or [Diocletian] Augustus."

The whole *line* supplied, is that which adds 'the people of the metropolis.' From the combination of a number of circumstances in Roman history with facts in ancient customs relative to monuments to the illustrious dead, and with circumstances observable about this column, Dr. C. deduces with considerable confidence the conjecture, or the opinion, that it is a monument raised to Pompey, by either Julius Cæsar or Hadrian; and he thinks it probably once bore on its summit an urn, there being in the stone a circular excavation exactly fitted for the position of the foot of such a funereal addition.

The travellers, having a widely extended peregrination yet in prospect, were now in haste—and we have still more reason to be so—to leave Egypt, a field where a vast measure of the wonderful and mysterious is still in reserve for inquisitive labourers who will at some future period, be enabled to portract their residence and operations in perfect exemption from Arab and Mamluke robbers, and Turkish fanatics and assassins. The long narrow stripe of sand from Alexandria to Aboukir, where our author was to embark, seems to have no claim, but in virtue of some groves of date trees, to maintain its barren substance above the waters which are on each side working its destruction. In passing along this most dreary tract, he is led into interesting reflections and questions relative to its ancient geography; since this wretched line of desert ought to be the ground on which anciently stood the cities of Nicopolis, Taposiris Parva, and Canopus. How is it possible?—is the question forced upon the observer. The only answer is that afforded by the very palpable indications that large encroachments have been made by the sea; or that, as Dr. C. remarks, the sites and remains of those cities are perhaps at this time under water. At one spot some stately fragments, bearing the ancient Egyptian character, were seen by col. Squire, in the very act, as

it were, of yielding to the invading element, being partly submerged, and no longer able to testify as to the extent of the kindred works, now, doubtless, swallowed up.

The Turkish frigate in which our travellers were privileged to pass over to Asia, was one of the most remarkable scenes into which they had ever been thrown, and would have been one of the most amusing if there had been no danger of starvation or of foundering. It was such a medley and hubbub of nations, and jargons, and customs, and passions, and fooleries, crammed and conflicting together, as might well have obliterated all remembrances and images of any objects less striking than those of Egypt. The seamanship too was incomparable, as might be guessed from the fact, of which they were assured, ‘that the superannuated captain of the frigate had never been to sea before his present voyage; that at the age of seventy he had espoused a relation of the Capudan Pasha’s, and obtained in consequence his appointment to the frigate: his nephew, a young man, had rather more experience, and held a station similar to that of first lieutenant in our ships.

‘At night the spectacle on board was perhaps one of the most striking which persons unaccustomed to venture with Turkish mariners can possibly witness. The ship seemed to be left pretty much to her own discretion; every officer of the watch being fast asleep, the port-holes all open, an enormous quantity of canvas let loose, and the passengers between decks, with paper lanterns, snoozing over their lighted pipes; while the sparks from these pipes, with pieces of ignited fungus, were flying in all directions. Now and then an unexpected roll called forth murmuring ejaculations of “Alla!” or “Mahmoud!” and a few were seen squatting singly, counting their prayers by their beads.’

One anecdote in this unparalleled story of a voyage, is exquisitely characteristic of the true believers. Dr. C. having casually met with a sextant, which had been taken from a French prisoner, made an observation to ascertain the ship’s position, and sent a respectful message to the captain, to inform him of ‘the latitude, and the probable distance from Rhodes, Finica bay, Cyprus,&c.’ He was immediately summoned, and asked how he could pretend to know. The doctor mentioned the sextant, and the observations daily practised on board English and other ships. The sextant was instantly ordered to make its appearance.

‘This instrument being altogether incomprehensible to him, he contented himself with viewing it in every direction, except that in which it might be used; and, stroking his long beard, said to a Ragusan, “Thus it is always with these poor *djours* (infidels), they can make nothing out without some peeping contrivance of this kind: now we Turks require no sextants—we (pointing with his finger to his forehead) we have our sextants here.”’

The adventurers approached and admired the mountainous coast of Lycia, sublimely irradiated, at the time, with lightnings; passed close to Rhodes; crossed the mouth of the gulf of Glaucus; and quitted the ship at the island of Cos, where they staid long

enough to collect a number of antique inscriptions, and to witness the refinement of Mahomedan jurisprudence, in a conviction of homicide by implication. A young man had destroyed himself in consequence of his being unsuccessful in his addresses to a young woman; the father of the girl was arrested and prosecuted on the incontrovertible allegation, that "if he had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have swallowed poison; consequently, he would not have died." The father was sentenced to pay, to the state we suppose, eighty piastres, the rated value of the young man's life.

An old crazy *caique*, manned by four men of the island of Casos, was engaged for a run to Patmos, and any other spot in the Archipelago. At Patmos, having first rendered a very important service to a party of French prisoners of the army of Egypt, who had been landed there on their way back to France, our active adventurers eagerly invaded the library of the monastery of the Apocalypse; and a highly entertaining account is given of their researches and negotiations. The whole collection of books was in a state of extreme neglect and disorder. The printed books indeed had the accommodation of shelves, and some of them were in good condition; and though the visitants soon discovered that the superior could not read, he said those were his favourites. Being asked respecting a pile of parchment volumes which were seen on the floor at the end of the apartment, evidently in the manner of rubbish, he said with an expression of contempt, they were manuscripts.

'It was indeed,' says Dr. C. 'a moment in which a literary traveller might be supposed to doubt the evidence of his senses, for the whole of this contemned heap consisted of Greek manuscripts, and some of them were of the highest antiquity.'

Our author fell to digging in this heap with the most avaricious curiosity, and found 'the fairest specimen of Grecian calligraphy which has descended to modern times, a copy of the twenty-four first dialogues of Plato, written throughout upon vellum, in the same exquisite character.' This and a few others were purchased, and, by means of a great deal of management, clandestinely got on board the *caique*; the monks were extremely solicitous, and with reason, that the people of the island, and the Turkish authorities, should not know that they had touched a trifle of money.

Several of the islands of the Archipelago were visited, and among them Paros and Antiparos, on the marble and the astonishing grotto of which our author has a number of very interesting observations. At length the course was shaped directly for Athens, and the cape of Sunium was approached amidst a rare combination of enchantments.

'We had such a glorious prospect, that we could recollect nothing like it: such a contrast of colours, such an association of the wonders of na-

ture and of art, such perfection of grand and beautiful perspective, as no expression of perceptible properties can convey to the minds of those who have not beheld the objects themselves. Being well aware of the transitory nature of impressions made upon the memory by sights of this kind, the author wrote a description of this scene while it was actually before his eyes: but how poor is the effect produced by detailing the parts of a view in a narrative, which ought to strike as a whole upon the sense! He may tell indeed of the dark blue sea streaked with hues of deepest purple—of embrowning shadows—of lights effulgent as the sun—of marble pillars beaming a radiant brightness upon lofty precipices, whose sides are diversified by refreshing verdure, by hoary mosses, and by gloomy and naked rocks; or by brighter surfaces reflecting the most vivid and varied tints, orange, red, and grey; to these he may add an account of distant summits, more intensely azured than the clear and cloudless sky—of islands dimly seen through silvery mists upon the wide expanse of water shining towards the horizon, as it were a “sea of glass:”—and when he has exhausted his vocabulary, of every colour and shape exhibited by the face of nature, or by the works of art, although he have not deviated from the truth in any part of his description, how little and how ineffectual has been the result of his undertaking!

The considerably protracted and most active sojourn at Athens, was animated with the genuine fire of that fine enthusiasm, which every classical traveller would recognise the necessity of affecting, if he did not feel; a luxury which some of the home-confined readers of taste may be tempted to ask, somewhat querulously, why it should have been Dr. C's lot, rather than their's, to revel in. The highest advantage was afforded for a discriminate and minute survey and investigation of the beauty and sublimity lingering in decay, and on the eve of departing, never to revive in such captivating forms in any other spot on the globe—by the kindness and intelligence of Monsieur Fauvel, the French consul, the friend of every traveller of taste; and still more by the friendly companionship and extraordinary accomplishments of Don Battista Lusieri, whom there would be no hazard in pronouncing to be, of all the persons who have ever visited Athens, the individual best qualified to perpetuate by the pencil the images of those objects which are themselves sinking so fast into destruction. Those who have read lord Elgin's ‘Memorandum,’ are apprized that this artist was drawn by his lordship from Naples into Greece, where it seems he has remained through the long series of subsequent years, indefatigably employed, chiefly at Athens, in works which ought to find their way to the hands of those subsidiary artists in the northwest of Europe, who could so faithfully and so elegantly effect a thousand repetitions of them.

‘It might,’ says Dr. C. ‘have been said of the time he had spent in Athens, as of Apelles, “*Nulla dies sine linea;*” but such was the extraordinary skill and application shown in the designs he was then completing, that every grace and beauty of the sculpture, every fair and exquisite proportion, every trace of the injuries which time had effected upon the building, every vein in the marble, were visible in the drawing; and in such perfection, that even the nature and qualities of the stone itself

might be recognised in the contour. Whoever may hereafter be the possessor of these drawings, will have, in the mere *outlines*, (for it is impossible this artist can ever finish the collection he has made,) a representation of the antiquities and beautiful scenery of Greece, inferior to nothing but the actual sight of them. Hitherto no Mæcenas has dignified himself by any thing deserving the title of a patron of such excellence. Many have bought his designs when he could be induced to part with them, by which means he has barely obtained subsistence; and he is too passionately attached to the sources which Athens has afforded to his genius, to abandon Greece, even for the neglect which, in his letters to the author, he complains of having experienced.'

We do not hear, from any quarter, of any project (quite a practicable project, it would be undoubtedly,) for obtaining a selection of those performances, for the purpose of preparing a work, which might, in the combined character of truth and animation, surpass every preceding graphical exhibition of the finest features of Greece, even, on an estimate of all the excellences of all the representations together, that of De Choiseul-Gouffier.

The readers of Lord Elgin's tract will also recollect that most anomalous personage, Theodore the Calmuc, as one of the corps placed under Lusieri's direction. Dr. C. saw him in this service at Athens; and he is a sample of humanity excellently fitted to put to silence the philosophizings that would maintain the native mental equality of human creatures.

'With the most decided physiognomy of the wildest of his native tribes, although as much humanized in his appearance as it was possible to make him by the aid of European dress and habits, he still retained some of the original characteristics of his countrymen; and, among others, a true Scythian relish for spirituous liquor: by the judicious administration of brandy, Lusieri would elicit from him, for the use of his patron, specimens of his art, combining the most astonishing genius with the strictest accuracy and the most exquisite taste. Theodore presented a marvellous example of the force of natural genius unsubdued by the most powerful obstacles. Educated in slavery; trained to the business of his profession beneath the active cudgels of his Russian masters; having also imbibed with his earliest impressions the servile propensities and sensual appetites of the tyrants he had been taught to revere; this extraordinary man arrived at Athens like another *Euphranor*, rivalling all that the fine arts had produced under circumstances the most favourable to their birth and maturity. The talents of Theodore, as a painter, were not confined, as commonly is the case among Russian artists, to mere works of imitation: although he could copy every thing, he could invent also; and his mind partook largely of the superior powers of original genius. With the most surprising ability, he restored and inserted into his drawings all the sculpture of which parts only remain in the mutilated bas-reliefs and buildings of the Acropolis. Besides this, he delineated, in a style of superior excellence, the same sculptures according to the precise state of decay in which they at present exist.'

Notwithstanding the charms of a Grecian landscape and sky, the brilliant effect of the structures of a marble unstained by time, the open, day-light prominence, if we may so express it, of the city, the lively cast of the ideas associated in every mind with

Athens, and we may add, the habitual vivacity of our author's temperament, the aspect of the place, as he approached it, bore, to his imagination, a funereal character. Tombs and monuments, indeed, on the road from the Piræus, prepared him for this impression, and

'As we drew near,' he says, 'to the walls, we beheld the vast CECROPIAN CITADEL, crowned with temples that originated in the veneration once paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, surrounded by objects telling the same theme of sepulchral grandeur, and now monuments of departed greatness, mouldering in all the solemnity of ruin. So paramount is this funereal character in the approach to Athens from the Piræus, that as we passed the hill of the museum, which was, in fact, an ancient cemetery of the Athenians, we might have imagined ourselves to be among the tombs of Telmessus, from the number of the sepulchres hewn in the rock, and from the antiquity of the workmanship, evidently not of later date than any thing in Asia Minor.'

He takes this, and indeed several other occasions, of insisting on the remarkable fact, established by innumerable evidences, of the sepulchral signs of the ancient temples. This he had, with a just confidence, asserted against Bryant, in describing the ancient monuments on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, in Vol. I. of these travels.

'The discussion which has been founded on the question whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples, seems altogether nugatory: being one, they were necessarily the other. The *Soros* in the chamber of the great pyramid, which indisputably determines its sepulchral origin, as decidedly establishes the certainty that it was also a place of religious worship:

"Et tot *templa* Deum Romæ, quot in urbe *Sepulchra*
"Heroum, numerare licet."—*Prudentius*, Lib. I.

'The sanctity of the Acropolis of Athens, owed its origin to the sepulchre of Cecrops; and without this leading cause of veneration, the numerous temples with which it was afterwards adorned, would never have been erected. The same may be said of the temple of Venus, at Paphos, built over the tomb of Cinyras, the father of Adonis; of Apollo Didymæus, at Miletus, over the grave of Cleomachus; with many others alluded to both by Eusebius and Clemens Alexandrinus.' p. 400.

There is something very striking in this fact, as disclosing some kind of conviction, in the minds of a benighted race, that men might become greater, or associated to something greater, by dying; as well as their inextinguishable sense of the absolute necessity of having gods, that is, superhuman objects for their passions of hope and fear.

Sermons, by Archibald Alison. LL.B., &c. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.
boards. Longman and Co. 1815.

[From the Monthly Review]

It is not often that we have occasion to notice the writings of an author who, in so short a period of time, appears to have at-

tained so elevated a rank in the public estimation as Mr. Alison has acquired: nor is it from the casual and unsatisfactory testimony of a few readers of sermons, or compilers of theological tracts, that he has gained this "well-earned fame," but from the unanimous and stable suffrages of all the true friends of religion. The most orthodox have been compelled to admire even when they have been searching for opportunity to censure; while zealous religionists have been carried away by his devotion, and deliberate reasoners have been roused by his eloquence. Apparently, indeed, this author's style of writing is singularly adapted to find admirers among persons of every variety of religious persuasion. In his masterly hands, religion is always the messenger of mercy: her lessons at all times accord with the natural feelings of the human heart; and her office is to console and enlighten, to encourage and forewarn her hearers.

We had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Alison's first volume of sermons in our number for December, 1814, p. 352; and the impression left on our minds by an attentive perusal of those discourses induced us to adjudge to their author, if not equality, at least proximity of rank with his celebrated compatriot Dr. Hugh Blair. Indeed, with all the same graces of language, and the same exquisite powers of persuasion, which were so peculiar to the professor, the present writer has surely less artifice, and less appearance of studied elegance; and, if he does not proceed *pari passu* with his rival in classical terseness and sententiousness of style, he surpasses him, we think, in glowing animation and brilliancy of oratory. We have indeed heard it said, that the sermons of Alison, though admirable as a specimen of the beauties of language, and as a display of intellectual endowment, are by no means calculated to serve as models for imitation to inexperienced divines: but it should be remembered, that he wrote with the view of teaching others, not how to write, but how to act: not of instructing his youthful brethren in the art of composing sermons, but of impressing on the minds of all his hearers the sanctity of gospel-truth, and the imperious obligations of moral duty. He seems very wisely to have considered, that, though minds which nature has formed for serious reflection, may not require truth to be portrayed otherwise than in her native unadorned beauty, yet it is proper, that to the generality of mankind she would appear with the accompaniments of elegance and grace, and arrayed, not indeed in ornamental superfluities, but in the chaste habiliment of eloquent persuasion. The age, we fear, has elapsed, in which the piety of the heart was alone sufficient to enkindle and keep alive the attention of the understanding; and in which the simple statement of sound but unpolished reasoning was considered as the only requisite for obtaining assent to the grand doctrines of our religion.

We must hasten, however, to the analysis of the volume before us, which consists of twenty-three discourses on the following subjects: i. and ii. On Religious Education.—iii. iv. and v. On

the Lord's Prayer.—vi. On the Example of our Saviour's Piety.—vii. On the Evidence which arises from the *Nature* and *Character* of the Gospel.—viii. On the Evidence which arises from the *Progress* of the Gospel.—ix. On the Evidence which arises from the Jewish Revelation.—x. On the Evidence which arises from the Accomplishment of Prophecy.—xi. On the Love of Excellence.—xii. On the Dangers of moral Sentiment, when not accompanied with active Virtue.—xiii. On the moral Dangers of the Society of great Cities.—xiv. On the importance of Religious Example.—xv. On the importance of the Education of the Poor.—xvi. On Instability of Character.—xvii. On Stability of Character.—xviii. xix. and xx. On the Parable of the Prodigal Son.—xxi. On Repentance before Heaven.—xxii. On the Power of Christian Faith.—xxiii. On our Saviour's Ascension.

From this statement, it will be seen, that the subjects of the present set of sermons are more invariably of a religious nature than many of those which we had occasion to notice in the preceding volume. Greatly as we were struck at the time by the display of eloquence, which many of the author's politico-religious exhortations contained, it appeared to us, that their places might, in a few instances, have been advantageously supplied by others, equally animating, on any of those more vitally important topics which are diffused over the vast field of theology. Repetition, we think, is the principal, and perhaps the only fault to be remarked in Mr. Alison's writing. Interesting as is the juvenile part of the audience at the Cowgate chapel, we are rather too frequently reminded of these "*laddies of Caledonia*," going and coming from home to school, and from school to home, at the stated periods of term-time and vacation; and we have also occasionally too much repetition of the same turn of phrase, and the same scriptural allusions. These, however, are blemishes of a very minor cast, and amply redeemed by the solid excellences of every kind which pervade the whole body of the work. On the important subject of religious education, and the necessity of making scriptural studies a prominent feature in every seminary of instruction, Mr. Alison is particularly happy:

'There is no book (as you all must have observed) so acceptable even to "the little children," as that which records the history of Jesus Christ, and the incidents of his life. The plainness of the language,—the familiarity of the events,—the progressive interest of the story,—and the simplicity of the principal personages, are all adapted to the character of their minds; and lead them on to truth, in a way so artless and unpretending, that they are unconscious of any thing else but interest in the narration. It is still more remarkable, that there is no character so intelligible or so affecting to the infant mind, as that of their Saviour. Into the character of those whom the world calls great, they do not and cannot enter. But the character of the Saviour of the world is one which they understand, I believe, much better than the world itself. Its simplicity accords with what they feel within themselves; its goodness with what they as yet believe of the world around them. In his wisdom there is so little pre-

tension,—in his actions there is so little effort,—that they approach him with affection like one of themselves; and though they read the story of his sufferings with tears, they are tears that are mingled with admiration, and which dry up in exultation, when they witness his triumph over death, and over all the power of his enemies. “Suffer the little children to come unto me,” it is never to be forgotten, are his own pathetic and paternal words. They signify, that “the little children” are dear to him, and that He is acceptable to them. They signify, that while the waters of baptism are poured even upon the cradle of humanity, the moment they leave it, the arms of a friend and of a Saviour are prepared to receive them.—They signify, but too prophetically, that times would come when the folly and the presumption of man would find out other and artificial modes of education, when the young would not be “suffered,” but “forbid to come to Him;” and they seem even to supplicate the Christian parents of every future age, to “suffer their little children to come to him,” with the earnestness of a dying father, who fears that his children may fall into weaker and unwise hands.’

In the second discourse on the same subject, the author divides religious instruction into two branches; the object of the one being to inculcate the love of God, and that of the other the love of our neighbour. Having before spoken, in general terms, of the importance of fixing impressions during the season of infancy, he now supposes the mind to have made some progress, and reason some advancement. He therefore recommends, that the understanding should be forthwith directed towards the attributes and perfections of the Almighty Father of the human race; that the doctrines of man’s fall from innocence and happiness should be gradually developed; that the mercies of the Divinity should be shown in the beneficent purpose of redemption; and that all the means should be clearly illustrated, which the Almighty employed for the accomplishment of this great design. On the principle of a rational belief in the superintendence of an all-powerful agency, and on the basis of that love with which such a belief must fill the mind, Mr. Alison lays the foundation of the love which we are bound to exercise, as well as feel, towards every creature of the same system:

‘If they have approached with joy the throne of the universal Father, teach them, then, my brethren, in the first place, that it is their first duty to love every thing that He hath made; that every form which bears “the image of God,” is their brother, and that every being that is dear to Him, ought also to be dear unto them.—If they have looked with adoration at that perpetual care by which the universe is maintained, “and in which every thing lives and moves, and has its being;” tell them that they also are members of this mighty system; that on them too some beings depend for happiness or joy; and that the noblest career they can run is that of being “fellow-workers with Him” in the welfare of his creation.—If their hearts throb with gratitude for all the blessings which His bounteous hand has shed upon them, tell them that there are blessings also given them to bestow; that life has every where tears which their hands may wipe away; and that the path of man, on which Heaven looks down with most approving joy, is that of those “who are merciful as God is merciful.”

‘If, in another view, they follow with glowing hearts the history of their Lord, remind them, that it was not in scenes of splendour or of indulgence that his life was passed; that it was not “to be ministered unto” that he came, “but to minister;”—to heal the sick,—to relieve the poor,—to comfort the afflicted,—to instruct the ignorant,—to suffer for the wretched. Tell them, that it is through such scenes their lives also must pass; and that, go where they will, they will find the sick to heal, the poor to relieve, the afflicted to comfort, the ignorant to instruct, and the wretched to console. Tell them, that for this also He came, “that he might leave them an example, that they should follow his steps;” and that the purest prayer which they can offer in the morning of life to Heaven, is, “that the same mind may be in them, which was in Christ Jesus.”’

We wish to render ample justice to the great merit of that part of Mr. Alison’s volume which treats of the evidences of Christianity. The convincing weight of testimony, which he has here compressed into the narrow compass of four discourses, proves him to be so powerful a champion in the good cause, and so able a defender of the faith “which was once delivered to the saints;” that it might be desirable for him to enlist himself among the refuters of those specious fallacies, with which scepticism has so frequently endeavoured to conceal and overwhelm the truth. Numerous as have been the answers to the subtle sophistry of Hume, and irresistible as have been the strictures on the more injurious because more seducing writings of Gibbon, we should still welcome to the Christian banners the co-operating aid of a faithful warrior, who rivals the one in closeness of argument and the other in animation of language. We should recommend it to enthusiastic admirers of “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” to contemplate with unprejudiced attention the strongly contrasting picture which Mr. Alison has here drawn in opposition to their favourite theory. The sermon ‘On the Evidence arising from the Progress of the Gospel’ is particularly conclusive on this head. After having observed that the principles of religious belief are, from the constitution of the human mind, the least susceptible of change,—and that, with one solitary exception, the only means, hitherto successfully employed to propagate new systems of religious faith, have been the force of conquest and the arm of desolation,—the author proceeds to expatiate on the very different manner in which the kingdom of Christ “increased and multiplied;” on the primitive obscurity whence it sprang; and on the silent and gradual steps with which it emerged from its humble cradle, after every thing human appeared to have decided on its extinction, after its author had expired on the cross, and the disciples, who had been witnesses of the afflictions of their master, seemed to be hastening to the same termination of their own.

‘It began in the deepest obscurity;—in a country despised by all the rest of mankind, and among the lowest people of that country. The author of it appeared to expire as a traitor and a malefactor, and his opinions seemed, and were designed, to be buried in his grave. What remained of them was confided to the care of a few simple and ignorant

men; so very ignorant, indeed, that, from their own artless avowal, they knew nothing of the great designs which they were to execute, until they were directed by a wisdom above their own.

'The country which had conducted their master to the cross naturally rejected and persecuted his disciples. The countries by which they were surrounded were at the height of their civilization and improvement, and had long looked down upon what they considered the superstitions of Judea, with indignation and contempt. In both these countries, however, the apostles of the gospel sought for converts; and in both these countries they found them. Called upon to carry "the glad tidings" which they had received, to every race and nation of mankind, they met every where some who welcomed them. In their own age, and before they had sealed their faith with their blood, they saw the religion of the gospel dawning among every surrounding people. Amid all its humility and all its dangers, there was something in it which carried conviction to the souls of men; which dissolved the tenacity with which they were accustomed to adhere to the opinions of their forefathers; and which made the old fabric of superstition fall, as if by enchantment, before the humble preaching of "the fishermen of Galilee."'

If the preacher had added to this chain of evidence a discourse on the miracles wrought by our Saviour himself, we should have considered it as even more complete than it is: not, indeed, that we find any want of connexion in his arguments, or any feebleness in the body of demonstration which he has here brought forwards in support of truth, but that, where every thing is so ably and so satisfactorily said, the omission of any one point is the more perceptible, and becomes a source of regret in proportion to its moment.

The fourteenth sermon, 'On the Importance of Religious Example,' appears to have been composed and preached on an occasion of a most melancholy nature, '*the execution of three young men (all of them under the age of twenty) for robbery and murder, on the night of the 1st of January, 1812.*'—The instructive lessons, which the author draws from this sad occurrence, may be read with advantage, and cannot but be contemplated with approbation:

'It is a lesson to the young, to teach them, by the most terrible of all proofs, how soon innocence can be lost; how rapid the progress of guilt is in the soul which has once admitted it, and to what atrocity of crime even the youthful heart may arrive, when it has once surrendered itself to the dominion of any sin.—It is a lesson to the instructed and the educated among us, to teach them, that knowledge and accomplishments alone are vain;—that the understanding may be improved while the heart remains barren and unprofitable;—and that unless the master-spring of religion is awakened into activity, the acquisitions of learning and of knowledge may only add strength to guilt, and malignity to crime.—It is a lesson, lastly, to the laborious and the active among us, to teach them, that something more is wanting than the mere wisdom of the world, to give either usefulness or honour to the character of man; that if the ambition of the soul be confined to time alone, no lofty views, no generous virtues, will ever spring in it; and that it is possible for the men of the world to "rejoice in their youth," while all the honours of time, and all the hopes of immortality are lost for ever.'

In bringing our remarks to a close, we would endeavour to draw the attention of our readers to the three discourses which are inserted towards the conclusion, ‘On the Parable of the Prodigal Son.’ We have seldom if ever met with any composition more truly affecting, or more exquisitely pathetic, than the animated picture, which is here portrayed, of domestic affliction and parental tenderness. The happy illustration of the parable, and the adaptation of it to the ordinary habits of mankind and the general nature of the moral government of God, are written in Mr. Alison’s best and most forcible style; indeed, we may say, in a style peculiarly his own. The hasty indiscretions of youthful levity, flying from the shelter of parental solicitude, and squandering, “in a far country,” the goods which a father’s affection had bestowed, are well assimilated to that general forgetfulness of duty, and that precipitate desire of enjoyment, which constitute in every age the prevalent characteristics of juvenile conduct:

‘It is thus every where, my brethren, that the “substance” which the universal Father has given, that the powers and capacities of the human soul, are wasted in the progress of sin;—that health is lost in profligacy, and time in idleness, and beauty in depravity;—that rank and affluence are made the ministers of folly or of vice;—that learning is abused to the purposes of sophistry and scepticism;—and that the mighty minds which heaven seems at times to have created for the moral or intellectual progress of human kind, stoop to the momentary ends of conquest and ambition; and, for the indulgence of their own hour of fame, purchase the everlasting execration of mankind. These are the prominent vices of the world;—but let us look to it where we will, we shall ever find that its beginning is like that of the younger son of the parable—in leaving the guidance and the counsels of our father;—in believing that the goods we inherit are possessions, and not gifts;—and in conceiving that life itself is a scene of enjoyment, and not of moral and religious duty.’

The wisdom of the elder son, on the other hand, forms the pleasing exception to the general and melancholy view of human depravity; reminding us, that, though folly and disobedience be the prevailing bias of the human heart, there are yet many in whom a spirit of submission to legitimate control, and more particularly to the salutary admonitions of a father’s will, operates as the most powerful incentive to virtue. The bounty of the father, in giving to his son the blessings which he thus lavishly squandered, is compared to that heavenly magnificence with which the Almighty apportions his treasures even to the least deserving of his creatures: while the contrition of the prodigal, his return home, the joy of the father, the affection with which he welcomes and the tenderness with which he forgives his child, and above all perhaps the exultation not only of the parent but of the whole household in preparing for penitence the reward of glory, afford Mr. Alison the materials for a combination of striking beauties both of language and of sentiment. We cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of making a brief extract from the concluding considerations:

'The last thing that is observable in this view of the parable, is its conclusion. It is for this divine conclusion that it was at first spoken. It was for your benefit, my brethren, (for the benefit of every individual among you, and among every congregation of fallen men,) that it was written; and the heart which is not affected by the words of our Saviour, cannot be affected by the language of man. It concludes, not as man would have concluded it, with the simple account of his pardon and his reception;—it tells us a great deal more; it tells us, in truth, of things which the "heart of man durst not conceive," and which none but the Son of God had the power and the capacity to reveal;—it tells us of the "robe," which signifies honour, and the "ring," which implies glory;—it tells us of the gratulation of the whole family on the recovery of one whom they thought they had "lost;"—but, far more than all, it tells us of the joy of the Father himself, when he once more held this returning son within his arms, and felt the throb of penitence in his heart, and found him again alive to love, to duty, and to happiness.

'The parable, my penitent brethren, is indeed addressed to you, but the application of the conclusion I must leave to yourselves. The truth is, that I dare not; that the views it suggests are too mighty to admit of explanation in mortal language; and that the representations which our Saviour thus gives of the tender mercy of the Great Father of the penitent, and of the worth of the human soul, are such, that nothing belongs to creatures like us, but to bury our foreheads in the dust, and to say to our Saviour and to our God, "What is man that thou thus regardest him, or the son of man that thou thus visitest him?"'

Had Mr. Alison favoured the world with no more than these three discourses, we should have considered him as justly intitled to a very ample share of public gratitude; and if, on the whole, we view this volume as in some degree inferior to the first, we hope that the treasury of his theological writings is not yet exhausted, but that we shall soon be called again to a renewal of the gratification which we can never cease to feel, when genius and eloquence lend their united assistance in supporting the bulwarks of truth.

Memoires Historiques sur la revolution d'Espagne, par l'Auteur du Congres de Vienne, &c. M. DE PRADT, Ancien Archeveque de Malines. Paris. 1816. pp. 406.

[From the Critical Review.]

THERE is no department of literature in which the French have so decidedly surpassed other nations as in that of memoirs. While they possessed but one historian, (Voltaire,) equally accessible and delightful to the scholar and the general reader, in whom the connexion of great events with each other was developed with facility and interest, they abounded in writers, whose excellence in the portraiture of individual scenes and characters, was a compensation for the want of classical works of a more comprehensive plan. Statesmen and courtiers, warriors and men of letters, have each contributed, by narrating public events within their own

knowledge, to furnish the materials of history with a copiousness of which the literature of no other nation can boast.

It would perhaps be too great praise to class the ex-archbishop of Mechlin with these writers; and his work is not entirely of the disinterested class to which we have been alluding. Those books were for the greater part legacies to posterity; at least they were written with no other interested object than to vindicate the honour of the writers or their friends, or inflict justice or vengeance on their enemies.

We cannot imagine that M. de Pradt writes only for posterity; and at the same time we do not see what personal object he can have in publishing political works like those which have recently and repeatedly issued from his pen. He is not sparing in his reproaches of his ancient master Napoleon, against whose worst actions he is a vehement disclaimer; yet he is also no niggard of eulogy when he has occasion to speak of his intellectual powers. He advocates with great zeal and eloquence in the present work, the cause of O'Farril, Masseredo, and the other proscribed partisans of King Joseph, but treats with contempt King Ferdinand, on whom the fate of those refugees depends. It is reported too, that his work on the *Bourbons* is prohibited at Paris, and that he has been prosecuted for the present publication. These are claims, if not to unlimited confidence, yet to some credit; and we must say, that we have read this work with an impression that the statements may be received without much hesitation. The author accompanied Bonaparte to Bayonne, and was employed by him to negotiate with the ministers of Ferdinand at the time that the abdication of the Spanish crown was extorted from the royal family, after they had been seduced within the French frontier. In this character and situation his testimony is of importance, and will be appealed to by posterity.

Before the author arrives at the transactions in which he bore a part, he gives a hasty sketch of the incidents which led to them. On this subject we find nothing new. It will be recollectcd, that after an alliance had been formed between the revolutionary government at Paris and the Bourbons of Spain, the court of the Escorial was content to play so insignificant and deplorable a part, that the existence of the state was only recollectcd by its occasional calamities. The battle of Trafalgar completed the annihilation of its navy, and its colonies were spared only through what we consider the mistaken generosity of the British cabinet. Its government was in the hands of an upstart, Godoy, the *prince of the peace*, who still survives, the object of universal scorn and reprobation. The internal measures of the court of Spain were at the time so little noticed, that a transaction then passed unheeded, in this country at least, from which the calamities of that people may perhaps be dated. In October, 1806, about the period of the battle of Jena, a mysterious proclamation was issued by the prince of the peace, calling upon the people of Spain to arm themselves

against the peril in which the country was then placed. The enemy was not named, but, says M. de P. (p. 15.) "Napoleon has often told me, that it was on the field of battle of Jena that he received this instrument, which, making him sensible of the perils and perfidy to which he was exposed during any new expedition which he might have to undertake, led him to determine that he would protect himself by leaving no enemy in his rear; I swore, said he, from that moment that they should never do me any harm." We cannot abstain from remarking here how systematically Napoleon had calculated upon a succession of wars, though peace was always on his lips. Accordingly, he diminished the Spanish military force, by sending its choice troops into Denmark and Tuscany, and began a series of intrigues and artifices which have never been surpassed by any of the masters or pupils of the great teacher of fraud, Machiavel. Acting in concert with the prime minister of Spain, whose agent was Izquierdo, but without the knowledge of the Spanish cabinet, he formed a treaty with Spain in October, 1806, according to which Portugal, then in possession of the armies of Bonaparte, was to be divided into three parts; one to be given in exchange for Etruria; a second to the prince of the peace; the third was to remain in the hands of France, a sort of kingdom to let. About the same time an event took place, which is generally called the affair of the Escurial. The heir of the Spanish monarchy and the powerful minister of the crown were become implacable enemies; each knew no better resource than to throw himself into the arms of Bonaparte. Accordingly, while the prince of the peace had bargained with Napoleon for a crown for himself, the prince of Asturias wrote to the emperor, imploring his paternal protection, and offering to marry any one he should chose. The *treasonable* letter, for so even Bonaparte affected to consider it, was detected; the prince was arrested, accused of high treason, and acquitted in due form. He wrote unintelligible letters to the king and queen, confessing some crime, and was pardoned, while his counsellors, the duke of Infantado and M. Escoiquiz, were banished from court.

Hitherto the prince of the peace had acted with Napoleon; and in conformity with their secret treaty, Bonaparte sent his forces into Spain, and they had already occupied the fortresses, when the scales fell from the eyes of Godoy, the minister; and finding, on the return of his agent Izquierdo from Paris, that his kingdom was as unreal as the dukedom of Sancho, he suddenly resolved on an act of vigour, which, if it had been original, might have been deemed heroic. He determined to transport himself with the old king and queen to South America. The project was discovered; the royal fugitives were stopped at Aranjuez; the life of the minister was endangered. The king abdicated in favour of his son. This was on the 19th of March, 1808. "Such," says M. de P. "was the truly dramatic situation in which Spain was placed by the affair of Aranjuez. These had destroyed Bonaparte's plans;

his genius rich in expedients, furnished him with another." Ferdinand, who was now the acknowledged master of Spain, had received no answer to his letter requesting a wife from the hands of Napoleon; but he seems to have confidently relied on his friendship. He announced his accession to the throne, and invited the emperor to his court. The journey of Bonaparte was officially proclaimed every where: we recollect how much it was the subject of speculation in this country in the spring of 1808. He reached Bayonne on the 14th of April: there his success was complete. Having, by exquisite cunning, contrived to collect a deputation of the states of Portugal and Spain, then Ferdinand and his court, and at last Charles, the queen, and the prince of the peace, he succeeded in obtaining all he sought, the sovereignty of Spain, which he gave to his brother. Never was Juvenal's sentiment more memorably illustrated—the Gods destroy us by granting our prayers. Napoleon was now lord of the ascendant, but from this moment may be dated his decline. It was this act which first opened the eyes of the public in all Europe. The Spanish minister Cevallos, performed the office of Ithuriel: he entered Madrid as the minister of king Joseph; but passing over to the service of the Junta, published his celebrated pamphlet on the 1st September, 1808. (See Crit. Rev. Vol. 124, p. 215, Oct. 1808.)

Our author truly says, that this pamphlet began the revolution in Germany, which was completed in 1813, and which was effected by the writers of that nation before it became the act of its warriors. We have some satisfaction in finding in this work an unwilling confirmation of all that is material in Cevallos, at the same time that the author seizes every occasion to shew his ill will to the minister, viz. Cevallos, speaking of the house of Bayonne where Ferdinand was lodged, as not suited to his high rank, has drawn a not unmerited reproof. "The attention thus shown to trifles amidst momentous concerns, betrays a little mind. While the king was throwing away Spain and America, the minister was thinking about the lodging at Bayonne. Such a minister might well advise the journey." The particulars of this journey are related with great spirit. The author declares that General Savary often complained to him of the disgraceful part he was made to perform in that kidnapping transaction. He was made to assure Ferdinand that he would be acknowledged king of Spain on his arrival at Bayonne; and M. Escoiquiz bears testimony to Napoleon's admission of the fact. Nothing but the blindest infatuation could have led Ferdinand to an act, the event of which is to be deplored. Had he remained in Spain, the war would probably have gone on as it did, but he could hardly have failed either to imbibe the better spirit of the better part of his people, or he would have perished in the conflict. M. de P. relates, that on the arrival of Ferdinand, Bonaparte received him with the honours paid by him to kings alone; and the same evening sent word to him that he had resolved to dethrone the Bourbons of Spain. He hoped, the writer supposes, by the suddenness of the contrast, to overwhelm him

at once, and lead him to an immediate cession of his crown; but Ferdinand clung to the sceptre which he knew not how to wield, and, as is afterwards detailed, surrendered his power with reluctance.

It may be proper in this place to notice an important document annexed to the work. The publication by M. Escoïquiz of his several conversations with Bonaparte in the course of May 1808. Escoïquiz was the confidential minister of Ferdinand, who advised the journey to Bayonne, and who vigorously and pertinaciously defended his master's rights against the usurper. The dialogue, however, has no internal evidence of truth, for in it Bonaparte makes speeches several pages long; and neither the coarse but original imagery, nor the laconic brevity which mark the ex-emperor's discourse, is to be found in it. Napoleon in this dialogue, justifies himself for seizing the Spanish crown on the ground of policy, and urges that Ferdinand has no right to it, having obtained his father's abdication by force. He offers the kingdom of Etruria in return, and promises to take no part of Spain for himself. The minister asserts with unsuccessful pertinacity, that the cession of Charles was voluntary.—“NAPOLEON. In spite of your reasons, Canon, I shall retain my first idea, that a renunciation made during a popular insurrection, and instantly revoked, cannot be legitimate. But we will dismiss that for a moment, and tell me, am I to forget that the interests of my house and empire require that the Bourbons should cease to reign in Spain? (Then pulling my ear with great good humour, he added,) and though you may be right, Canon, in all you say, I shall answer—**BAD POLICY.**”—The minister acknowledges that he feels the force of that sentence, and tries to show the impolicy of the emperor's project. He urges the difficulties arising from the opposition of the European powers, and the character of the people. Napoleon answers, that he had communicated his projects to the emperor of Russia at Tilsit, who had given his word of honour not to oppose them. And as to the Spanish people, though the populace might be raised, yet a little severity would reduce them.—“Believe me, Canon, the countries where there are many monks, are easy to conquer; I have experienced this.” This remark shows at least that Bonaparte's discernment did not go beyond his experience. He afterwards declares his readiness to sacrifice 200,000 men in the attainment of his object. It certainly adds to the credibility of this narrative, as well as to the respectability of the writer, Escoïquiz, that having been minister of Ferdinand on his return, he is now in disgrace.

Napoleon, meeting with a stouter resistance from Ferdinand's ministers than he anticipated, and being dissatisfied with Savary's management of his cause, had recourse to our author, who declares that he was directed to confer with Escoïquiz: but if we are to credit his statement, he was so impressed with the injustice of his own cause, that he endeavoured to his utmost to work upon

the mind of the oppressor, instead of assisting to subdue the spirit of the oppressed. We cannot read without suspicion professions of this description, but they may be discredited while the *overt acts* may be truly related. The account of Napoleon's conduct during this residence is interesting and probable. He appears to have been at first willing to let Ferdinand return to Spain, and his repeated language was, "He may declare war against me;" as if this were a giving of satisfaction, which, like duelling between individuals, was a compensation for every injury. "Why did they come here without passports?" said he, on another occasion. "If it were to cost me 80,000 men, I would not undertake this; but it will cost me only 12,000 men, mere child's play. Believe me it will soon be over. I do not wish to do any one an injury: but when my political car is in motion, it must go on, and wo to those who are under the wheels!"

These and a variety of other scattered expressions satisfy us, that much of what Bonaparte did on the present occasion was the result rather of accident than design. He acted with great courage, promptitude, decision, and disregard to the opinions of mankind; and finding himself opposed to persons destitute of every talent, and who could not inspire him with any respect, he was gradually led on to extremes, and a disregard of appearances, from which he himself would have shrunk at the beginning of this adventure.

The final submission of the young king was not obtained till Charles the fourth arrived. It was then that the honours of royalty, before paid to Ferdinand, were discontinued; Napoleon said he could not acknowledge two kings of Spain. The hatred of the queen towards her son was so violent, that even Bonaparte himself appears to have been shocked at the excess to which it betrayed her.

"On returning from the palace of king Charles, Napoleon, after taking some hurried turns in the garden of Marac, called those who were there to him, and full of the subject, painted the scene he had witnessed, in that animated, picturesque, figurative, and original style which is so familiar to him. His description placed us at once in the midst of the actors of the horrid scene. He painted Charles reproaching his son with the outrages against his grey locks, and the conspiracies which had annihilated the monarchy himself had preserved entire. 'It was Priam himself,' said Napoleon. Then he paused and added, 'The scene was becoming beautiful, when the queen interrupted it by bursting into invectives and threats against her son. She begged me to send him to the scaffold. 'What a woman! what a mother!' he exclaimed. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Among all these people there is but one man of genius, the prince of the peace; he would have taken them to America.' And then he declaimed, or rather ossianised (*ossianisa*) for a length of time, on the immensity of the thrones of Mexico and Peru, on the greatness of the sovereigns who would possess them, and on the effect of these establishments upon the world at large. I had often heard him, but never saw him display such richness of imagination and style. Whether from the fertility of the sub-

fect, or that his faculties had been roused by what he had witnessed, and every nerve shaken; he was sublime. I never afterwards saw him at the same height."

It was after this incident that, according to Cevallos, Napoleon uttered the fatal words, "*Prince, il faut opter entre l'accessoir ou la mort,*" which our author justly considers as more disgraceful to the parents of Ferdinand than to Bonaparte. All that Charles and the queen did on this occasion, his truly eloquent letters to his son were the work of the prince of the peace, under the direction of Bonaparte; the others only signed their names.

The subsequent narrative of the like artifices practised towards the Spanish grandees to induce them to render homage to Joseph, is less interesting as the characters are less important. The duke del Infantado was the most resolute of the friends of Ferdinand; and even when he faintly wished Joseph joy on his accession, he refused to acknowledge him expressly as his sovereign. The emperor was not satisfied with this, and thus addressed the duke—"No tergiversation, sir; acknowledge the king, or refuse it. It is necessary to be great in crime as in virtue. Do you wish to place yourself at the head of the insurgents in Spain? I give you my word you shall have a safeguard thither; but I give you notice, you will be shot in eight days—no, in twenty four hours."—The duke submitted, and his speech is recorded in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of June, 1808.

The subsequent events are well known to our readers, and lie beyond the period concerning which our author has original information to give. He reasons about the war, and details the causes of Bonaparte's failure as others have done before. Some facts, however, he mentions, which were new to us: he relates for instance, that so lately as the year 1811, Joseph was on the point of surrendering his crown to Napoleon, because he would not consent to surrender the independence of the country. We own we cannot comprehend how an individual so obtaining a crown should be so nice in his sense of the duties springing out of the possession of it. It is one of the paradoxes of our author to consider the ministers of Joseph patriots, as honest and as zealous for the independence and liberty of their country as the leaders of the Cortes and the regency. On Bonaparte's return from Madrid, after the retreat of sir John Moore from Corunna, our author relates, that he intimated to him his intention to divide Spain into five vice-royalties, considering himself as uncertain of a king of his own family as he should be of a Bourbon. From this arose many dissensions between Bonaparte and his brother, which M. de Pradt enumerates among the causes of the ultimate failure of the invasion. In treating of the war in general, he presents a shocking picture of its devastation and excesses, and estimates the loss sustained by the French during the six campaigns at 600,000 men!

The latter part of the volume is taken up in arguing in favour of those of the servants of Joseph, who, remaining a little too

long in his service, were ultimately proscribed by those who had partaken of their treason; and certainly, in great national conflicts, the moral worth of individuals stands in no necessary connexion with the merit of the cause. When a civil war has sprung up, accident must determine the choice of a party; and a reference to the history of the great conflict in this country in the 17th century, shows us how much excellence, moral and intellectual, was ranged under the opposite banners of Charles and the parliament. It is true, the usurpation of Napoleon in Spain was effected by means singularly base; and we should with difficulty allow the possibility, that any accessory *before* the fact could be an honest man. Yet we can believe, that many enlightened Spaniards might honestly think the dynasty of Bonaparte afforded a happier prospect for posterity than the family of the Bourbons could promise them. Indeed the strange and lamentable issue of the Spanish war, shows the futility of all speculation on the consequences of political efforts; for we now behold the monarch who had surrendered his throne, restored to it without having himself contributed to his restoration, and the great agents and instruments of his victory, either languishing in chains or pining in exile.

We do not find that he has pardoned either the friends of Joseph, or the adherents of the Cortes, and his political vengeance against parties so opposite, resembles only the contemporaneous religious persecutions of catholics, and protestants, by Henry the eighth.

The appendix consists of a number of documents of great interest, though not altogether new to the public. The letter of Bonaparte, to Ferdinand, of the 16th of April 1808, lecturing the young prince on his duties, is a curious composition; and as well as several specimens of his conversation, contained in this volume, exhibits him in the rather new light of the *Joseph Surface* of despots.

The War-Fiend, with other Poems. By THOMAS BROWN, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Murray. 1816.

[From the Augustan Review.]

HERE is a volume of Poems by the author of the *Paradise of Coquettes*, and the *Wanderer in Norway*. The Rape of the Lock takes away from the first the character of originality; it also wants the vivacity, the gayety, and the truth of Pope's enchanting production; and, with all its smoothness and polish, it becomes, from its length, and the laboured speeches on trifling and lady-like subjects, monotonous and tedious. The Wanderer in Norway (notwithstanding the author's unfortunate choice of the profligate Mary

Wollstonecraft for the heroine of his poem) contains many passages and situations truly pathetic; and is embellished with many striking and original sketches of northern scenery. But the poetry of Dr. Brown, though it has occasionally a character of boldness or tenderness, is much more remarkable for the sweetness with which it flows—and of this quality we intend to give our readers some specimens.

The *War Fiend* is introduced by an elaborate preface, in which the author, after recounting the difficulties which he had to surmount, tells us, what is not quite new, that a thing which is related as *past*, does not give us the same sensation of reality with a relation of what is supposed to be at the time passing, as it were, under our eyes. He has therefore had recourse to a method, which, as he conceives, presents a much more lively idea of what is expressed. The poem opens with the midnight-journey of a warrior towards the spot, which in the morning is to be the scene of a battle. In his eagerness to join in the mortal fray, the place of which he could not have reached by mortal means, he had invoked the aid of the War-Fiend, who places him on his steed of fire, and accompanies him on his journey invisible. The poet thinks that he places much more distinctly before the eyes of the reader every thing which is going forward, by relating them through this captivating *compagnon de voyages*. This being plunges the warrior into the battle—directs his arm—inspires him with the most blood-thirsty desires—laughs at his human feelings—and finally, after leading him to the heights of wickedness and impiety, suffers him to fall by an arrow, and descends with him to the caverns of death. All this is told in a rapid and powerful manner, and with much vigour of imagination. The horrors, however, are too much in the taste of the German school.—The fiend himself is decidedly of German parentage. Any body who has read Bürger's ballad, *Die Wilde Jager*, or his *Leonora*, will at once recognise the voice and qualities of the War-Fiend. But surely this manner of relating a story, whatever may be gained in force and spirit, (and we are not sure that any thing will be gained,) is very unnatural and ridiculous: and the narrative of such a *Cicerone* continued through a poem of *three parts*, seems by far more artificial and improbable than any medium of another kind. The recollection of the invisible speaker, besides, recurs in a most unpleasant way to the mind of the reader, when the narrative is not equally sustained throughout; and this inequality is often evident in the present poem, from the unlucky measure in which it is written. We think that the attempt of Mr. Montgomery in his *Wanderer of Switzerland*, and its melancholy result, should have deterred Dr. Brown from writing a long poem like the *War-Fiend*, in this measure; and even its utter unfitness for the subject was an argument against it, which it is wonderful that Dr. Brown did not perceive. The number of feet in the line render it necessary in a narrative poem, either to divide the line into two parts, which gives

it an appearance of rugged abruptness, or to have recourse to expletives and inverted language. An example or two will explain what we mean.

"Strike!—yet strike!—he sinks—he falls!
List his bands—the stifled cry!—
Sudden-chill'd, ev'n hope appals—
Wide the panic—See they fly!"

p. 53.

Warrior! not that death it fears
Deigns this breast a suppliant's part.
Save a mother's drooping years;
Save my Emma's bursting heart!
Chief! I love.—No look of pray'r,
Lov'd I only, should'st thou see.—
Chief! her soul is mine.—I bear,
Bear to stoop,—She lives in me."

p. 56.

Thrice the pang by Famine borne,
Ere the dry heart drinks its flood,
Thrice, ere Thirst, with arm self-torn,
Quaffs the living feast of blood—
Such thy greedy longings cast,
Ere from Memory's dark abyss,
Slow shall rise each triumph past:—
It shall rise,—but not in bliss."

The abruptness and inversions of these passages render them almost unintelligible; and there are many instances of the same kind which might be selected. The poem altogether is by no means a favourite of ours—but we quote the following verses, as an exemplification of the author's power of representing images of terror. They are part of the address of the War-Fiend to his victim, after he has placed him in the regions of torture, and resemble the wilder parts of Crabbe:

"See approaching—still they charm;
Pale, as when in grief their bloom
Wither'd.—These thy widowing arm
Gave to pine in hopeless gloom.

Oft when all thy soul is flame,
Near thee, mournful, shall they stand.
Thou shalt know them.—To thy frame
What were then the Torturer's hand?

Pitied, even by eyes that weep,
Eyes, which oft in smiles before,
In despair thou laugh'dst to steep!
Pitied! what were torture more?
* * * * *
Felt, but not with mix'd relief,
Not with love, that soothes the thrill;
Sternly shalt thou feel their grief,
Feel, and hate the sufferer's still."

The smaller poems, we think, are much better. The verses addressed to a faithless lover by his mistress, have something like the tenderness of Burns:

“ O! could I then but live to sooth thy sadness,—
To smile,—as—once—my smile could make thee blest!
Be happy—happy!—though the voice of gladness
Be transport only for another's breast!

Yes! love remains, still true to hopes unreal,
Warms with past joy, to all thy treachery blind;
And waking, wondering, as from fears ideal,
Believes—yet trembles, as it trusts thee kind.”

p. 90.

In the poem on the death of his friend, Thomas Wedgwood, the poet has given us the following exquisite and pathetic image:

“ Even while the languor strove thy heart to chill,
It soften'd but to meekness gentler still,
And, in the silent watches of alarm,
Breath'd on the sadden'd eye that tender charm
Which calls affection at each glance to muse,
And love more warmly what it fears to lose.
When, with sure power, that must destroy at last,
Steals on the summer-grove the treacherous blast,
Soft o'er each shade its lingering pinions play,
Nor dash one trembling leaflet from the spray,
On the bright verdure, melting as it glows,
A calmer milder tint alone it throws,
With shadowy softness varies every bloom,
And seems to nurse its beauty, not consume,
To pensive joy the gaze more frequent calls.—
And sweetest charms the foliage,—when it falls.”

The sonnets on Switzerland breathe the spirit of freedom, and are worth a whole volume of French revolutionary jargon. The first seems to us the best.

Some passages in the poem called “ Man and Nature,” are of a loftier cast; they are very beautiful, and sometimes remind us of the “ Pleasures of Imagination!”

The Latin version of the poem on the departure of his friend, has somewhat of the sweetness of Milton's Latin poems; though it wants the classical relish of those exquisite pieces: the following lines we like better than the more elaborate and ostentatious versification of the English poem:

“ !—Mollis vocat aura blanda cœli,
Flores stringere ubi manu malignus
Non audet glaciali Hiems perennes,
Sed, sponso velut alta nuptiali
Virgo luxurians nitore, Terra
Ridet dulce suo rubetque Soli!
I, sacris ubi quæ latet sub umbris,
Nympha ex ætherea Salutis unda
Quod multis negat haud tibi negabit!
I, quounque duce! Ignei fluenti
Haustum quo melior reddit juventa,

O, quisquis scatebras tibi recludet,
 Totis tu sitientibus labellis
 Capta! Dum valeas, mihi valere
 Tam earum sat erit; beatiori
 Non curam socio invidebo laetus."

WIT VERSUS ILLIBERALITY.

[From the European Magazine.]

SIR,

THE recent gratifying decision of a Kentish jury in the case of the *General Sea Bathing Infirmary*, having once more brought upon the *tapis* a subject which occupied the Margate conversazioni during the whole of last autumn, I avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded, to solicit your insertion of the following admirable *jeux d'esprit* circulated upon that occasion, and which, yet unpublished, are now copied by permission from the original MSS.—Their ungracious subject has been already too minutely canvassed in all its bearings, not to be well known to a large majority of your readers, and I will therefore merely give an outline sketch, sufficient to introduce and connect those poetic morceaus, whose merits will, I am persuaded, amply apologise for the admission of “a twice told tale,” and at the same time, justify your endeavours to rescue from oblivion these sparks of genius, and give to them “a local habitation and a name.”

In the summer of 1815, the minister of St. John’s church, Margate, having most unaccountably refused his pulpit the usual annual sermon in aid of this salutary institution, some public spirited characters then visiting in the isle of Thanet, patronised a ball at the royal hotel, in order to supply the deficiency of revenue arising from this breach of accustomed beneficence. Their arrangements were happily attended with the most complete success; but still aware that there were doubtless many persons who, though absent from the ball-room, would liberally contribute to the plate at a charity sermon,—some gentlemen proposed attending near the church-yard gates, at the close of the service on the following Sunday morning, to receive the subscriptions of the congregation, and hand bills were consequently circulated through the town, announcing their intention. Indignant at such temerity, the official preservers of the peace immediately issued their placards, denouncing the parties thus daring to be active in the cause of benevolence, as “*vagrants*,” “*rogues*,” and “*sturdy beggars*;” and stating that all the vengeance of a disregarded act of parliament (17 Geo. 2d cap. 5.) would be hurled upon their devoted heads, in the event of such unhallowed perseverance. Heedless of these anathemas, on Sunday, October the first, the gentlemen who were excluded from the *church*, took their stations outside the *church-yard*, and there received about thirty guineas in donations of those who could feel for the woes of others, until assailed *vi et armis*,

and dragged to *durance vile* by the legal conservators of public tranquillity. Satisfactory bail, however, speedily released the prisoners, and thus deprived them of the honour of occupying the "black hole and clean straw," which, with such considerate kindness, had been prepared for their reception and entertainment. It was in the course of the subsequent week that the following poems were circulated at the libraries and bathing rooms, and ultimately copied upon all the writing desks, and port-feuilles in Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs.

"THE VAGRANTS' REPLY.

"O thou!—whose station makes thy crime more flagrant,
Who darest to brand us with the term of vagrant:—
Go,—seek the libraries,—there blushing look,
If blush thou canst—upon thy begging book.
That book,—Oh foul disgrace!—that asks each ninny,
'To cast his pearls to swine—and give a guinea!
They say the devil loves his own,—if we,
In very deed such *rogues* and *vagrants* be,—
Why not receive each dear,—each welcome guest,
O brother beggar! to thy kindred breast?"

"THE VAGRANTS' PETITION.

"Dread sir!—who so late condescended to seize us,
For daring to stroll within sight of the church;
With the fangs of the law bade your myrmidons tease us,
And issued the edict that order'd their search;—

"In mercy now list to the *vagrants'* petition;
Our ease you must own is exceedingly hard;
And though drove from the *church* by your worship's commission,
Oh! deign to permit us to walk in the *yard*.

"We acknowledge the justice that doom'd us to roam,
'Twas a punishment due to our vagabond sins;
Whilst *your* charity, always beginning at home,
As certainly finishes—*where it begins!*

"Unannoy'd then by lawyers, in freedom, and gaily,
Let our wishes and prayers o'er your sternness prevail;
Let us walk without fearing the gripe of a *BAYLAY*,
And beg—without danger of going to jail."

The preceding stanzas were replied to by one of the party of persecution, in a poem, of which I have to regret my inability to present you with an authenticated version. Amongst many other singularities of this extraordinary production, the word author was spelt *authour*. This unique composition was, however, answered, and the correspondence closed by the following hints to the poet, in a farewell to Margate.

"RETALIATION.

"Accomplish'd youth!—look not so very sad;
What though you strive to write, but cannot spell:
I do not marvel that your lines are bad,
My only wonder is—you write so well!"

"When Æsop's fabled skin conceal'd your ears,
Why not in silence 'midst our witlings pass?
Nor to a sneering crowd expose your fears,
And give that bray—which proved yourself an ass!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
The brain confuses, and disturbs the head;
Take deeper draughts then from the muses' spring,
And write a poem worthy of being read.

"To aid the virtuous—not distress the poor,
Was the rich boon of godlike genius given;
And though *you* cannot boast it,—yet be sure,
'Tis charity, not pride, that leads to Heaven.

"One short hint more,—thou *Hunter* after fame,
And then to thee, and Margate cliffs, adieu!
Urge to Parnassus' wreath a poet's claim,
And naming authors 'none will leave out U!'"

It only remains to mention, that the question of false imprisonment came on to be tried at the recent lent assizes at Maidstone, when the magistrates were cast in FIFTY POUNDS damages, and the amount immediately presented as a donation, by the plaintiffs, to the funds of the general sea bathing infirmary. S. B.

FRENCH BIOGRAPHY.

Biographie Moderne, ou Galerie Historique, Civile, Militaire, Politique, et Judiciaire; contenant les Portraits Politiques de Français de l'un et de l'autre sexe, morts ou vivans, quise sont rendus plus ou moins célèbres, depuis le commencement de la Révolution jusqu'à nos jours, par leurs talens, leurs emplois, leurs malheurs, leur courage, leurs vertus, ou leurs crimes. 2 Tomes, 8vo. pp. 521 et 554. Paris, 1815.

This is a sort of second edition of a Modern Biography, which was printed at Leipzig in 1807, but which Bonaparte caused to be so effectually suppressed, that hardly a copy is now to be found.—Whatever political conclusions we may deduce from this circumstance, it must be acknowledged, that so thorough a manifestation of imperial displeasure is calculated to give an interest to the book against which it is exerted; and accordingly we have turned over the leaves of these volumes with no inconsiderable eagerness and avidity. We have been accustomed to look with a suspicious eye upon all works which issue from Paris; and, we entered the Historic Gallery with an expectation of finding the 'portraits politiques'

drawn with such colours and characteristics as best suited the views of the dynasty, under which it is published. In part we have not been disappointed. The editors are evidently royalists; but their politics carry them no farther than the mere assumption, that France is now under her legitimate sovereign. We have no violent diatribes against the revolutionists; nor any extravagant declamations in favour of the present dynasty:—all is brief, temperate, and perspicuous; and whenever the editors have occasion to censure the conduct of any particular individual, they seldom make use of a stronger epithet than ‘coupable.’ For the present we must content ourselves with translating a very few articles; but as the book contains a great variety of useful biographical information, we shall give our readers in some future number a more voluminous body of extracts.

“Emanuel Grouchy was born at Paris, in October 1776. He embraced the cause of the revolution,—at the epoch of which he was only a lieutenant of the king’s life guards: at the commencement of 1792 he became colonel of a regiment; was soon afterwards raised to the rank of general of a brigade, and served in the army of the Alps until 1793. In the course of that year, he became commander in chief of the army of Brest; and was wounded on the 5th of September, in defending the famous *camp des Sorinières*. Soon afterwards, however, he was removed from command in consequence of his nobility; and when the royal army approached the place of his retirement, he joined the revolutionary national guards as a common soldier. “If, (said he) I am not permitted to fight as a general, I shall not at least be forbidden to shed my blood in the cause of our country.” * Recalled to the rank of general of a division, 13th June 1795, he seconded general Hoche in the pacification of La Vendée, and was an officer under the same general, in the army which was to have been transported to Ireland. In December, 1798, he passed into Piedmont, and instituted the provisional government, after having expelled the king of Sardinia. After the crisis of the 30th May 1799, he was prosecuted for his extortions in Piedmont; but about that time he distinguished himself in the battle of Novi, in which he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Austro-Russian army. Beloved by his soldiers, and respected by the enemy, he owed his life

* According to a Galerie Militaire, published in the year 1808, Grouchy’s speech on this occasion was considerably different from that which is given in the biography under review. “If (said he, we quote the words of the former work) I am not permitted to fight *at the head of the republican phalanx*, at least I shall not be forbidden to shed my blood *for the cause of the people*.”

to Constantine, grand duke of Russia, who, seeing him covered with wounds, wished to honour his courage by causing them to be dressed in his presence by his own personal surgeons. After his exchange, he signalized anew his bravery and talents in the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1807; and, according to the expression of Napoleon himself, rendered important services at Friedland, for which he was recompensed with the badge of the legion of honour, and the cross of the military order of Bavière. He was at Madrid in 1808; and, during the insurrection, had a horse killed under him while charging the insurgents. In the following year, he was employed in the army of Italy, and covered himself with glory in the plains of Udine, as well as at the battles of Raab and of Wagram: nor did he less distinguish himself at Broisaw, at Valentia, and at Moskwa. In the retreat, he commanded the famous *sacred legion*: and after having made the different states of Europe the witnesses of his valour, he was no less desirous of rendering himself illustrious in France, in 1814. The defiles of Vosges, Brienne, Vauchamp, and Craonne, in which he was again wounded, will for ever attest the prodigies of valour by which he immortalized himself. The invasion of Bonaparte, in 1815, induced him to resume the service: he fought against the duke of Angouleme in the south,—on which occasion he was named marshal of the empire, and a little afterwards, peer of France; obtained the command of a corps of the army stationed at Namur, and encountered a corps of Prussians at the battle of Waterloo. Comprised afterwards in the ordinance of the king, dated 24th July, which declared him a traitor, and ordered him to be brought before a council of war, he has as yet found means to avoid the prosecution directed against him.”
Tom. II. pp. 114—15.

As the name of general Hoche is mentioned in the foregoing article, and as he acted a very important part in the early stages of the revolution, we will next lay before our readers an account of *his* life:—

“ Lazarus Hoche was born at Paris, of parents in the very lowest order of people, and was supported by his aunt, a fruitier, who occasionally gave him an opportunity to indulge his thirst for reading by giving him wherewithal to buy books. He had hardly attained his 17th year, when he attached himself to the French guards; and by carrying water, mounting guard, and performing every sort of labour during the day, he contrived to form a little library in which he passed a good part of his nights. Although yet very young, he was made a sergeant in 1784; and in 1789 having embraced the cause of the revolution, with all the warmth which characterised him, he entered the ranks of the national guard, and arrived successively at the highest steps of military eminence. Employed as an adjutant-general in 1793, he displayed a great deal of courage, activity, and intelligence; and, when he

became general of a brigade, took possession of Turin on the 22d of December, and obtained very soon after the command in chief of the army of the Moselle. But he was continually unfortunate against the duke of Brunswick, who repeatedly beat him, and especially at Kaiserslautern, where he lost a great many men during three days, in attacking the Prussians, entrenched in an excellent position. He had more success against Wurmsur; and, in conjunction with Pichegru, chased the Austrian army from Alsace. His frankness, and want of courtly manners, gained him the displeasure of Saint Just, the most despotic person in the mission; he was deprived of command, and afterwards imprisoned, by order of the committee. He devoted the time of his imprisonment to the instruction of himself—laboured with new ardour, and made astonishing progress during the short space of his detention. Restored to liberty on the 9th of July, he soon after obtained the command of the army against La Vendée, and it was in this war that he displayed the true talents of a soldier. He preserved for a long time the command of the army of the west, and just escaped being killed, (October 17, 1796) by the ball of a pistol which was discharged at him at Rennes. On the 15th of the following December, he embarked with an army for Ireland, but was obliged to re-enter Brest, after losing a great many of his transports. After that enterprise, the bad success of which he attributed to the mariners—he took command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; gained successively the battles of Neuwied, Altenkincken, and Diedroff; beat the enemy again at Klein-Nistco; took possession of Welylaër, at the moment when Werneck believed him to be yet at a distance; and executed one of the most skilful operations of the war. But the armistice which was then concluded between Bonaparte and the archduke Charles put an end to his career of success. In July 1797, he refused the place of minister of war, and joined with Barras to direct the movements projected against the royalists of the council. Violently denounced on that occasion, he refused to take any ostensible part in the events of the 18th of August, and published a great many letters, in which he provoked his fate. He took, a little after, the command of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, and ceased to live the 15th of September, 1797. His death was generally attributed to poison; but by some it was supposed, that Hoche died for his incontinence; and that a young lady whom he had lately espoused, and whom he tenderly loved, was the authoress of his premature destruction.” Id. tom. pp. 136, 7.

We have the following short biography of Lavalette: “He was born at Paris; and made himself celebrated there at the commencement of the revolution by his zeal and love for the military service. He was in the national guards; and on the 10th of August, 1792, fought against the jacobins who attacked the Thuilleries. He afterwards signed the petitions of the *eight thousand*, and of

the *twenty thousand*; made himself known to Bonaparte, who was then the general in chief of the interior, and who took him for his aid-de-camp; and shortly after he married the only daughter of Francis Beauharnais, the brother-in-law of Josephine.

"After the 18th October, Lavalette was immediately appointed commissary; afterwards, director-general of the administration of the posts; and finally, counsellor of state and grand officer of the legion of honour. During the occupation of Paris by the allied troops at the end of 1814, he followed the government to Blois, and resumed the general direction of the posts on the 20th of March 1815. Appointed a peer by Bonaparte, the 2d June, he spoke for the only time in that assembly, June 22d, in order to demand that the extraordinary laws, relative to the abdication of Napoleon, and the creation of a provisional government, might be conveyed by couriers express, and offered his services in that business. He was comprised in the king's ordinance of the 24th July, arrested, brought before the court of assizes at Paris, and condemned to death on 21st November 1815." Id. tom. pp. 223, 4.

Labedoyere is not dismissed in quite so few words:—

"Charles Angelic Francis Labedoyere was born at Paris, of a distinguished family. He embraced a military life when young; displayed great courage and talents; made many campaigns with honour, and found himself a colonel of a regiment at the moment when the consequences of the Russian invasion, and the stubbornness of Bonaparte, brought the enemies of France into her own territory. With all the officers of the army, he *adhered* to the house of Bourbon after the fall of Napoleon; was sent into Dauphiné to march his regiment against Bonaparte, at its invasion in 1815; manifested, they say, before his departure from Paris an intention to join the invader, and effectuated his culpable design as soon as he arrived at Grenoble. It was he, in fact, who first went over with his corps to the usurper, and thus decided the destiny of a whole nation. Raised soon after to the rank of maréchal de-camp, and still later to that of aid-de-camp, and then created a peer, he accompanied his hero to Fleurus, and Waterloo; returned to Paris after his defeat, and delivered himself in the chamber of peers (22d June) with so much vehemence and indecency that they were obliged to call him to order. After the capitulation of Paris he followed the army to the Loire; came afterwards to the capital, influenced nobody knows by what motive; and was arrested immediately after his arrival, at the house of one of his wife's friends. He was tried on the 4th of August, 1815, as a traitor to his king and country; admitted almost all the facts stated in the act of accusation,—but endeavoured to extenuate them by the circumstances in which he was placed,—and displayed in general a noble resignation—*beaucoup de sang froid*—an unyielding firmness, and, above all, a presence of mind which his condemnation

to capital punishment was not able to alter. He was shot on the 19th of August, at 6h. 30m. P. M." Id. tom. pp. 164-5.

We must close our translations for the present with the brief history of general Clausel:

"He was born at Bigorre; embraced the military life in the first moments of the revolution; was made aid-de-camp to general Perignon (1794 and 1795) in the army of the Pyrenees; passed afterwards to that of Italy, in which he commanded a brigade during the campaign of 1799; did homage to the directory, by sending them a picture representing the *dropsy*, of which the king of Sardinia had made him a present; and in 1802 followed general Laclerc in the expedition to St. Domingo. He there conducted himself with great bravery and skill; took fort Dauphin from the blacks, and kept them in check on the plains of the Cap. After the evacuation of that island, he returned to France; was appointed commander of the legion of honour in 1804, and employed until the end of 1805 in the quality of general of a division in the army of the north. He passed thence into Italy, where he continued to make himself 'advantageously remarked;' was in the campaign of 1809 against Austria; and was sent shortly after into Spain. It was there that he acquired a military reputation which placed him in the first rank of the most distinguished generals. He employed the years 1810 and 1811 in the dispersion of the insurgents, whom he every where vanquished,—in the formation of respectable cantonments to shelter the French soldiers from all surprise,—and in the capture of many forts and cities, of which the Spaniards had before been the masters. The courage and talents which he displayed in the battle of Duero (22d July, 1812) contributed not a little to his military reputation, and was the occasion of his being made commander in chief of the army, after the wound and consequent disability of Marmont. It was at the head of this army that he afterwards achieved what is called the retreat of Portugal, and daily gave battle to his enemy, till he was finally wounded. In 1813 and 1814, he defended the approaches of the French territory with a bravery worthy of a better fate (*sorci*); and obtained successively the grand cross of the re-union, and that of St. Louis, after the return of the king in 1814. Soon afterwards appointed, by his majesty, the inspector general of infantry, and grand officer of the legion of honour, he nevertheless entered the service of Napoleon in 1815; became a peer of his creation on the 2d of June, and was invested with a command in the south, where he made a long and stubborn resistance after the second fall of Bonaparte. He was embraced in the king's ordinance of the 24th July; but found means to escape the prosecution directed against him, and suddenly disappeared from his head-quarters, without which we know what he would have been by this time." Tom. I. pp. 440-441.

POETRY.

TO SERENITY.

DAUGHTERS of contentment, known
To enter where she dwells, alone!
Fair transient visitor, with thee
How swift our pageant comforts flee!
When morbid sadness numbs the brain,
The pride of earthly pomp is vain,
Within the slow forgetful eye
Its dull desires imperfect die,
And all imagination's store
Can sooth the weary mind no more.
No more can mirth or music cheer,
With sport or song th' unconscious ear,
While inward griefs the soul employ,
A stranger to the voice of joy.

When morning, rob'd in vest of light,
Breathes freshness o'er the dim-seen height;
When evening's last unclouded ray,
Gilds the fair scenes of parting day;
When night's pale queen, in silence deep,
Wide wanders o'er yon western steep,
Still, dress'd by thee, at every view,
The youthful landscape charms anew,
And still on easy wing upborne
Light as the mountain airs of morn,
The spirits dance, if chas'd by thee,
The storms of dark amazement flee;
For thou to full expansive day
Cans't quicken reason's slumbering ray,
Can'st bid the listless thoughts aspire,
And clothe them with immortal fire.

DIALOGUE.

From the Greek of Posidippus.

The Traveller and Statue of Opportunity.

Tr. SAY, image, by what sculptor's hand
In breathing marble here you stand?

Oph. By his whose art to thousands known,
Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:
But seldom seen by human eyes,
I claim the kindred of the skies;
By few I'm found, though great my fame,
And Opportunity's my name.

Tr. Say, if the cause you may reveal,
Why thus supported on a wheel?

Oph. The wheel my rapid course implies,
Like that with constant speed it flies.

Tr. Wings on your feet?—*Oph.* I'm apt to soar—
Neglected, I return no more.

Tr. But why behind deprived of hair?

Oph. Escaped, that none may seize me there.

Tr. Your locks unbound conceal your eyes?

Oph. Because I chiefly court disguise.

Tr. Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of downcast mien and mournful air?

Oph. Repentance she (the stone replies),
My substitute, behind me flies:
Observe, and her you'll ever see
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;
By her corrected, mortals mourn,
For what they've done, and what forborne.
Ask me no more, for while you stay,
I vanish unperceived away.

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

From Moore's Sacred Songs.

I.

OH fair! oh purest! be thou the Dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove;

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this Dove,
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book,
Shall be the Spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:—
And should the foes of Virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh! be like this Dove,
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

SERENADE,

Suggested by the music of Cherubini's trio, "Non mi negate, no."

Steal from the window, dear,
Beneath the dark trees plumpy,
And crossing once by the moon-light clear,
Look down the garden to me.

Far strikes the shape away,
And shows thee a refin'd one;
Thy step is like the air we play,
Thou lovely, frank, and kind one.

L. HUNT.

THE SIMILE OF A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

Literally translated from Homer.

As when around the moon the stars appear
Loveliest in heaven, and all is hush'd and clear,
When mountain-tops, and uplands, bask in light,
And woods; and all th' ætherial depth of night
Seems open'd back to heav'n, and sight is had
Of all the stars, and shepherd's hearts are glad;
So many, 'twixt the ships and river, shone
The Trojan fires in front of Ilion.

L. HUNT.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.

FINE ARTS.—Charles Fraser, esq. of Charleston, South-Carolina, has executed twenty very beautiful drawings of scenes, in different parts of the United States: the whole have been purchased by the proprietor of this Journal; and he assures us that some of the most interesting will occasionally accompany the work. The execution is, we think, as fine as any we have ever had occasion to inspect; and we hope that an amateur, who seems to be so well skilled in the use of the pencil, will extend its employment to other interesting portions of American scenery. Our view of the Passaic falls is taken from the twenty drawings abovementioned;—and the proprietor thinks it not improbable, that he shall cause the whole to be engraved and published in a separate volume. In the meantime we extract Dr. Morse's account of the Falls to which our attention is more immediately directed:—“ It is situated at Patterson; and is (says he) one of the most interesting cataracts in the union. The river, above the fall, is about fifty yards wide; and moves with a slow and gentle current, till within a short distance of a deep cleft in the rock, which crosses the bed of the river. Down this cleft it is precipitated, in the entire sheet, upwards of seventy feet. The whole scenery is uncommonly wild and picturesque.” Vol. 1. p. 401. sixth edition.

Mr. Hill, an engraver in aquatint, from London, has lately arrived in Philadelphia. He brings credentials of his professional skill, as well as of his moral character; and we hope he will find sufficient encouragement to induce his settlement in our city.

Some years ago M. de Caritat issued proposals in New York for publishing an English journal of European—particularly of French—literature, science, arts, manufactures and commerce; and at the same time, a French journal in Paris, of the literature, science, &c. of the United States. Nine monthly numbers of the French journal were published, commencing Oct. 1806;—and M. de Caritat has lately arrived in New York with a view of publishing the French materials which he has collected, as well as of establishing in that city an office through which a literary intercourse with Paris may be regularly and expeditiously sustained. He seems to have a good deal of the *posse videor* in him. The projected plan if carried into execution, cannot fail to be reciprocally advantageous to both countries, and we take pleasure in contributing as far as we are able to the publicity of the undertaking. We are not prepared to speak positively as to its probable success; but we should like at all events, to see the experiment made; and we hope in a future number to make such extracts from the French journal abovementioned, as will better enable our readers to judge of Mr. Caritat's qualifications. The volumes are on our table; but we have no room at present to enter into their examination.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

In consequence of an uncontrollable circumstance in reviewing *The Author Turned Critic*, we omitted some remarks upon his defence of the historical errors we pointed out in the *Repository*. They were adduced, our readers may remember, in proof of the inattention with which we charged the author of that work. After quoting our observations upon ‘the facility with which he admitted the story that there were 100,000 warriors in Hispaniola at the time of its discovery by Columbus,’ he subjoins very calmly that ‘our ignorance astonishes him,’ and then proceeds to detail the evidence upon which he supports the assertion. ‘Hispaniola (says he, p. 18.) is not, in extent of surface, very greatly inferior to New York.’ This is only another instance of our author’s optical imperfection. Could he have inspected his map with clear vision, he would have seen that the island of Hispaniola is very little more than half as extensive as the state of New York; and had the “skill of an adept” in the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, he might have ascertained, that, while the former contains but 28,000, the latter embraces no less than 45,000 square miles. But even granting him all this odds, we must still censure his credulity in admitting without a doubt that there were 100,000 fighting men on the island at the time of its discovery. According to the census of 1810, New York contained about 1,000,000 inhabitants, and had a little more than 100,000 militia. These are very nearly the proportions which might have been expected from the calculations of political arithmetic; and by the same rule, therefore, our author must believe that, at the period in question, the island of Hispaniola contained nearly *one million* of inhabitants;—a number which can never be reconciled with the known thinness of Indian population,—or which at all events should never be credited without the accompaniment of direct and positive testimony. ‘Its natural fertility,’ as our author imagines, will not be sufficient to account for so great a disproportion; for, with the united advantages of fertility and cultivation, the same island contained in 1801 only about 680,000 inhabitants. But St. Domingo has been depopulated by war; and we will, therefore, take Cuba—an island which is twice as extensive and quite as fertile as the other. With the accession of all the Spanish emigrants from St. Domingo,—besides the advantages above mentioned,—its population was estimated in 1810 at only 350,000. All this reasoning, however, and all the other remarks we have made on the subject, are only a balancing of probabilities; and would be instantly overthrown by the allegation of positive evidence.

‘On the authority of Spanish history (says our author in another place, and with reference to another subject) which,

in the present instance, is as worthy of credit as English, I assert, that Henry was *not* pleased with the undertaking of Columbus.' He does indeed 'assert,' but our readers will be careful to distinguish between assertion and proof,—between presumption and confidence. This round 'assertor' talks as if Spanish history was a very common article; but he is prudent enough to abstain from citation; and we suspect he knows as little about Spanish history as he does about English biography. A historian is yet a desideratum in Spanish literature; and although there are histories of detached portions, there are none of the whole body, of her affairs. There is not one, indeed, which is sufficiently characterized for research and accuracy to have any thing like appellate authority. That such as are now extant cannot be looked up to with confidence in the case before us, we think we are able to prove. Mariana is perhaps the most to be relied on; and yet we easily see that he knows nothing about the negotiations of Bartholomew Columbus with king Henry the seventh. After mentioning the circumstances which induced Christopher to suppose there must be a world in the west—'hanc sui animi cogitationem (continues he) cum Lusitano rege primum, deinde cum Henrico septimo Angliae rege communicavit,' and then subjoins, we confess that—' somnia utrisque afferre visus est.* But immediately afterwards he says, that 'repelled by these two kings he applied to Ferdinand,' &c.—'Repulses tamen nec distit nec quietit. Quin ad Ferdinandum, regem Hispaniam se contulit,' &c. † Now it is known, that, on his passage to England, Bartholomew was taken by pirates, chained to the oar, stripped of every thing, and arrived in such a miserable plight,—without money, credentials or friends,—that he was unable to procure access to the king or his ministers; and that, before he could reinstate himself in decent circumstances, by making maps and charts, so as to complete the requisite regulations with the English monarch, his brother had performed his first voyage, and had started on the second.‡ How then could the 'repulse' of Henry (even granting the fact) have been a part of Columbus's motive in applying to Ferdinand? And can we suppose that a historian who was ignorant of so leading a fact, could have known whether Henry considered the undertaking as a 'somnium' or not?—Indeed there is no necessity of going any farther. Had our author specified his 'Spanish history,' we might have examined its pretensions to credibility; but as his authority remains unknown, we must still continue in our first belief.

There is one case of alleged misrepresentation also, which, as it seems to have been very grievous to our author, we had intended to notice, for the sake of showing his general manner of conduct on such occasions. We have reference to the parallel between the discoveries of Columbus and Franklin. We remarked,

* De Reb. Hispan. p. 449. † Id. ibid.

‡ Hen. Hist. of Great Britain. Quarto edition, vol. vi. p. 616.

that they were similar, "neither in the difficulty of the means, nor in the importance of the results," on which our author breaks out with a pronunciation, that we have 'abominably perverted the meaning of the passage we are examining,' and tells us, we 'are really *bound* to blush and apologise for our weak blunder, or studied misconstruction.' Now without pretending to understand how a person can be under a moral obligation to blush, we must tell this bullying critic, that we have not experienced the least suffusion of blood upon the white surface of our cheeks; and that, so far from dropping on the knees of apology, we feel doubly inclined to maintain our former position. He tells us, that he never intended to 'pronounce the two discoveries parallel, either in difficulty of achievement or importance of result,' but merely in the fact, that they were both—'not the result of accident, but the expected fruit of a series of measures previously concerted and perseveringly pursued.' Now if this is the only point of coincidence, and if he truly says that 'these are the only two cases of the kind which he can recollect,' we must conclude that he is not a successful practitioner; for any skilful physician may recollect a hundred cases of cure, which were 'not the result of accident, but the expected fruit of a series of measures previously concerted and perseveringly pursued.' Indeed if importance and difficulty are nothing, a thousand parallels are within the 'recollection' of every body; and his parallel is still more silly than we at first considered it.